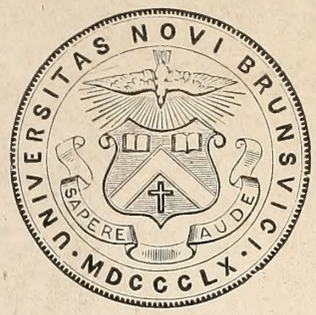


Memorial Magazine

1914—1919

Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

—Scott.

UNIVERSITY

OF

NEW BRUNSWICK

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

O Valiant Hearts.

O VALIANT HEARTS, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

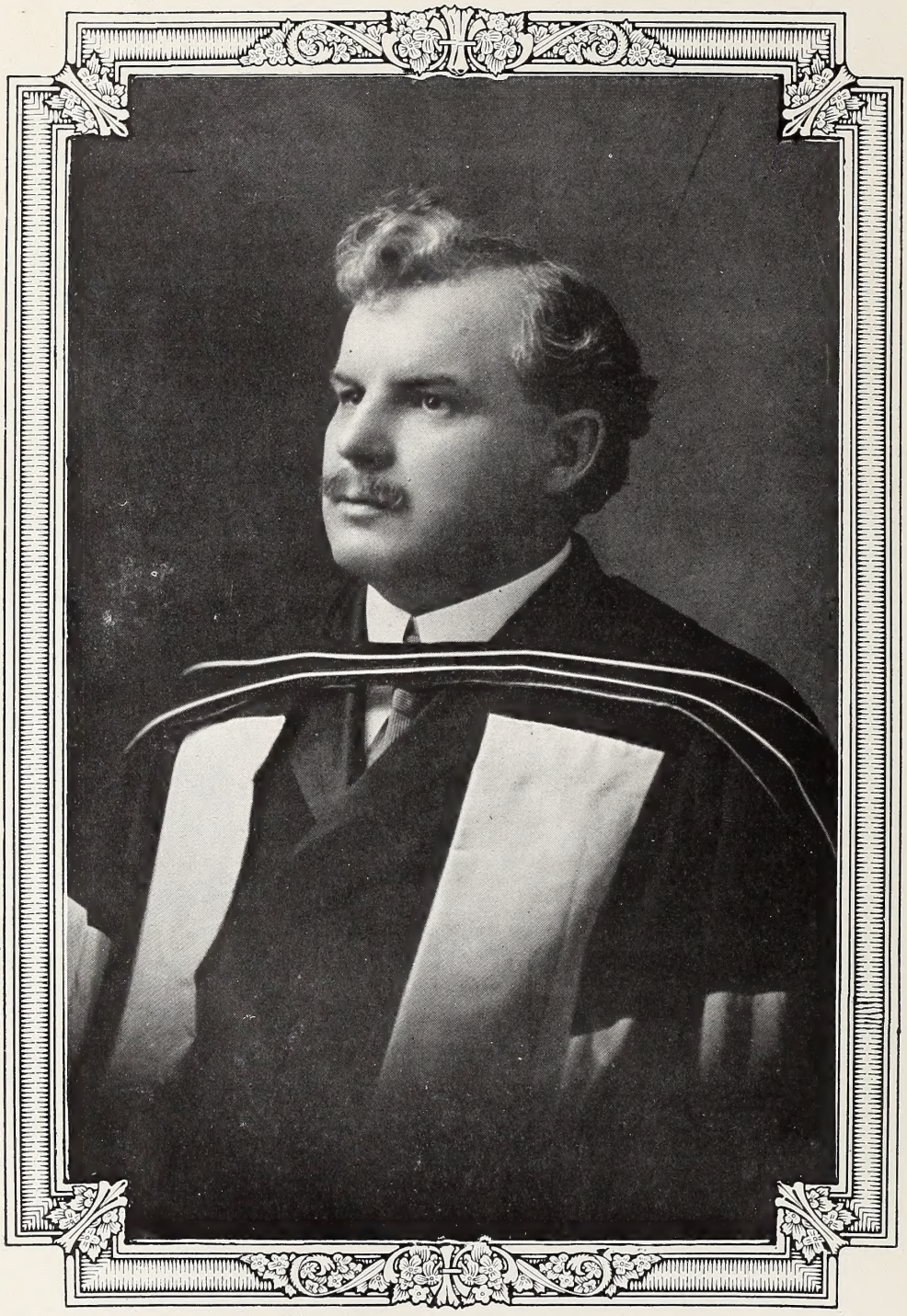
Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God:
Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff has led—
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy gracious hand.

JOHN S. ARKWRIGHT.



Dr. C. C. Jones, B.A., Ph.D., LL.D. (Toronto)

Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick.

FOREWORD

"Our dead live when we remember them." — MAETERLINCK.

LAST AUTUMN, when it was becoming apparent that the war would soon be over, the suggestion was made, and generally approved, that those now at the University should undertake, during the year, some expression of appreciation of the part taken by students in the war, having in mind especially those who gave their lives in the great struggle.

This suggestion developed into the decision to publish a MEMORIAL MAGAZINE to be devoted largely to an historical record of the achievements of our men in the war. Committees were appointed to take the matter in charge, and the following pages will show the result of their activities.

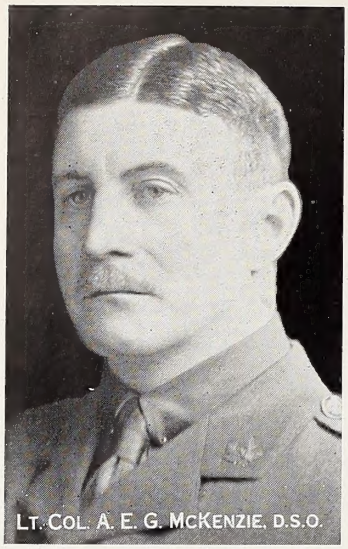
In the reaction following the cessation of hostilities, there is a danger that the spirit which actuated our men in the early days of the war may be forgotten. This would be indeed a calamity. For most of us the scenes at the Railway Station on the departure of the Twenty-Third Battery and later units will always remain in memory, and the recollection will do us good. We recognized a fineness and manliness of character which made us proud of our University and our Province.

We have already had the happy privilege of welcoming some of these men back to the University. Some will never return. Their bodies lie in the fields of Flanders. Their spirit of heroism and sacrifice will sanctify their memory amongst us forever.

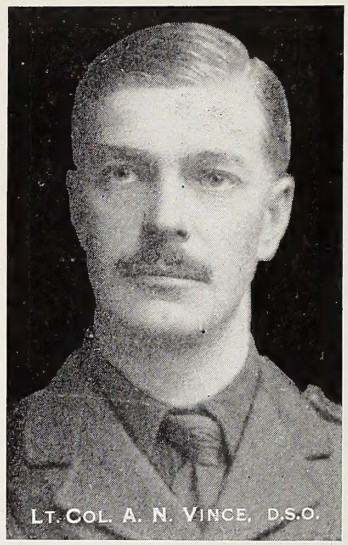
These men were not professional soldiers. To many the picture of the battle-field was horribly repulsive. Nevertheless there was no shrinking at the call of duty. They went forth to aid in the fight for freedom and to overcome the oppressor. Their glorious record will warm the blood of all true Canadians throughout the centuries. The chivalry, devotion and sacrifice of their lives must make us all better men and women.

Let us not forget.

Cecil Charles Jones

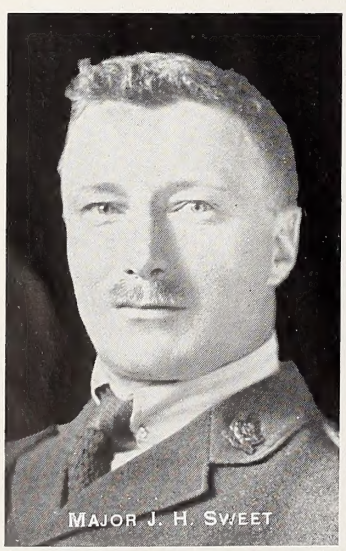


LT. COL. A. E. G. MCKENZIE, D.S.O.



LT. COL. A. N. VINCE, D.S.O.

CAPT. R. K. SHIVES.



MAJOR J. H. SWEET

MAJOR R. H. WINSLOW

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

HONOR ROLL.

"Their name liveth for evermore."

Arthur Neville Vince.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. NEVILLE VINCE was born at Grafton, N. B., July 19, 1879. He was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel D. McLeod Vince and Milicent A. Vince.

He graduated from the Woodstock High School in 1894 and entered the University of New Brunswick in the autumn of the same year. He graduated in 1898 with honors in mathematics and mathematical physics. Later he took a course at Kingston Military School. He was a veteran of the South African War, having taken part in various operations in the Transvaal from December, 1901, to May 31, 1902. He received the Queen's medal with five clasps. He continued in the Imperial Army until 1909, when he resigned. During this period of service he was stationed in Ireland, India and Burmah. He entered upon the study of law, graduating from the Boston Law School in the spring of 1911.

In August, 1914, he volunteered for active service in the European War, leaving Woodstock for Valcartier on August 20. He went across as captain of a Nova Scotia regiment and subsequently joined his old regiment, the King's Liverpools. He was rapidly promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, won the D. S. O. and was especially mentioned in despatches. During the heavy German attack near St. Quentin on March 24, 1918, he was severely wounded. He was later reported as wounded and missing and doubtless met his death at the head of his men attempting to stem the furious rush of the German masses. He was in every respect a true soldier and one of Nature's noblemen.

A. E. G. McKenzie.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. E. G. McKENZIE, D.S.O., was the son of Archibald and Jean Elizabeth Smith McKenzie, and was born at Campbellton, Restigouche Co., January 21, 1878. Educated at the High School of his native town, he entered the University in 1898, graduated B. A. in 1902, and M. A. 1904. He later was given the degree B. C. L. by King's College, N. S.

For some time he engaged in teaching, being principal of the Harkin's Academy, Newcastle, and the Albert School, St. John. Admitted to the bar, he practised law some years in Campbellton, and took an active part in the public affairs of the county of Restigouche.

On the formation of the 26th N. B. Regiment in November, 1914, he enlisted as major, having for many years held a captaincy in the militia and trained several summers. The 26th was located at St. John during the winter of 1914-15, went overseas in June, and took up quarters at Sandling, near Hythe. In September it went to France and to the Ypres salient, where it participated in heavy fighting and won for itself the title of the "Fighting 26th."

Lieutenant-Colonel McKenzie fought in the second battle of Ypres, at Courcelette, the Somme (1916), Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele, Amiens and Monchy. While leading his battalion, he was killed at Cherisy, August 28, 1918.

For surpassing courage and gallantry in this action, he was recommended for a V. C. by General Ross.

Few officers participated in so many fierce struggles. Brave as a lion, cool in danger, quick and decisive in action, the tall, broad-shouldered and iron-muscled athlete was admired and loved by all. When he won the D. S. O., he was spoken of by his superior officers as a noble type of soldier and one absolutely fearless in action.

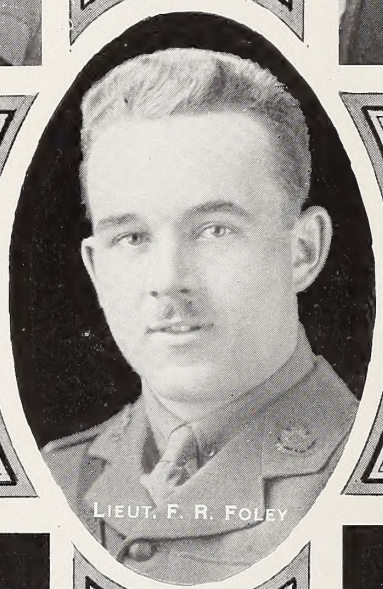
He was buried in the Wan Court Cemetery not far from the scene of his last fight.

John Hales Sweet.

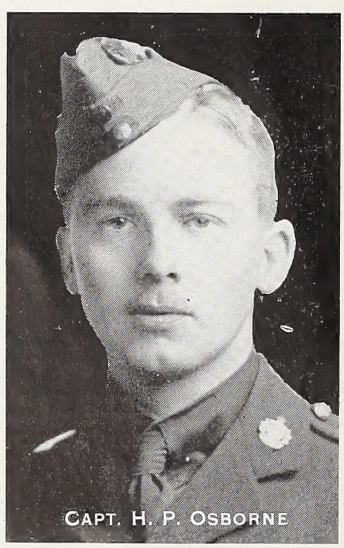
MAJOR JOHN HALES SWEET was born in St. Mary's Rectory, Dalhousie, October 13, 1878, the son of the Rev. J. H. and Evelina Janet Sweet, and was educated at the Harkin's Academy, Newcastle, Miramichi, where he had as a schoolfellow, Sir Max Aitken, now Baron Beaverbrook, and where he won the Governor-General's bronze medal three years in succession. He was matriculated at the University of New

CAPT. F. H. TINGLEY, M.C.

LIEUT. L. MCKNIGHT



LIEUT. F. R. FOLEY



CAPT. H. P. OSBORNE

LIEUT. J. B. HIPWELL

HONOR ROLL.

Brunswick and graduated in 1899 with the degree of B. A., the leader and valedictorian of his class. He was also editor of the University Monthly.

In the meantime the family had removed to Victoria, B. C., and in 1900 he began the study of law in the office of Tupper, Peters & Potts of that city, and was, in due time, called to the bar.

For a few years he practised his profession in Victoria, but in 1907 removed to Vancouver where he formed a partnership with Mr. Lambert Bond under the title of Bond & Sweet.

His physical development was almost perfect. Tall, robust, athletic, fond of all kinds of outdoor sports, a leading canoeist and oarsman, he took an active part in the club activities of the two cities, while his genial disposition, unfailing cheerfulness and courage made him everywhere popular. He became a leader by force of ability to win and hold the confidence of all who knew him.

In 1915 he volunteered his services and obtained a commission as lieutenant in the 72nd (Seaforth Highlanders) being promoted soon after to a captaincy and then to the position of Major. After a period of training the 72nd went overseas, and was located at Bramshott Camp for a time before crossing to France, where Major Sweet saw active service for some months, especially in the long drawn out battle of the Somme.

His personal and soldierly qualities soon brought him into the lime-light, and he was chosen, with twelve other overseas officers, to return to Aldershot to enter upon a course of training for higher positions in the army, with a class which comprised one hundred and fifty Imperial Army officers — a flattering distinction to the young Canadian soldier.

About the middle of January, 1917, he rejoined his old regiment on the Somme. He was killed in action on Easter Monday, April 9, in the bloody battle of Vimy Ridge. Shortly after the attack was launched, Major Sweet was wounded in the arm, and to one advising him to return to the dressing station the young officer replied, "No, I am going on with my men." He had reached the German first line trench, and, while standing on the parapet waving his men on, was hit by shrapnel and instantly killed.

A man's real character and worth become best known to those who are closely associated with him in sunshine and storm. A sergeant of his company says, "We were all very sorry to lose such a brave man and so fine an officer. His bright and cheerful manner and his bravery won the admiration of every man and officer."

General Sir Arthur Currie: "In the Vimy fighting I also lost another old and dear friend, Jack Sweet . . . . . He was regarded by all as an officer of outstanding promise."

A third officer writes: "I cannot tell you how much the loss of Major Sweet means to his battalion and especially to his brother officers. He was always a source of inspiration to us, and many times, when conditions were very trying, he, by one of his many jokes and cheery smiles, would cheer every one up."

His remains lie in the military cemetery at Villers au Bois, marked by a cross, and only three miles from Vimy Ridge, which he and his gallant comrades stormed, and from which they swept the German hosts in one of the greatest battles the world ever knew.

Rainsford Hannay Winslow.

MAJOR RAINSFORD HANNAY WINSLOW entered the University of New Brunswick as a Freshman in the fall of 1904.

He was born at Fredericton on October 19, 1887, being the youngest son of the late E. Byron Winslow, K. C.

In 1906, after completing his Sophomore year at the University of New Brunswick, he entered the Sophomore class at McGill College, taking a course in Applied Science, and graduated from there in 1909 with the degree of B. Sc. in Mining Engineering.

After leaving McGill Mr. Winslow was employed for about a year as assayer at Cobalt and later settled in British Columbia, where he was appointed a provincial assayer and land surveyor. He was also a member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers.

When war broke out he was employed on the Harbour Commission at Vancouver, and was desirous of enlisting as a private in the battalion being organized in New Brunswick for overseas service, but was specially requested by the Harbour Commission to remain at that work for a few months longer.

In December, 1914, he obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the 48th Battalion, Canadian

LIEUT. E. B. McLEAN

LIEUT. G. P. O. FENWICK

LIEUT. J. T. GIBSON

LIEUT. C. M. LAWSON

LIEUT. R. B. CLARK

Honor Roll.

Expeditionary Forces, and went with the battalion to England. Later on, this unit was transformed into the 3rd Pioneer Battalion and was sent to France in March, 1916.

He received his first promotion to a captaincy on July 22, 1916. On September 22, 1916, he was wounded over the eye by a piece of shrapnel but after having his wound dressed returned to his work. Later in the same day he was again wounded by shrapnel. Both of these wounds were slight, and Captain Winslow remained with his regiment until it was disbanded in 1917.

He then became an instructor in the Canadian Corps Training School, and was afterwards on the staff of the 2nd Brigade, First Canadian Division.

In 1918 he was promoted to the rank of major and given command of No. 1 Company, Canadian Corps Tramways. There were about 800 men in this command and the work of the corps was more than once highly commended.

On September 3, 1918, he rejoined his company after a month's leave in England, and on the evening of September 5 he was wounded by a shell on the Arras-Cambrai road near Villers-les-Gagnicourt, and died at No. 7 Casualty Clearing Station on September 9. He was buried at Ligny St. Flochel, near St. Pol, Pas de Calais.

General Currie wrote of him as follows: "He was a most valued officer in our Tramways Department. I knew him quite well. All the engineers and infantry with whom he served spoke of him in the highest possible terms of praise."

Major Winslow was the second of his family to die in the Great War, an older brother, Lieutenant J. A. Winslow, having died in France on March 22, 1917. Another brother, Captain R. N. Winslow, (U. N. B., '06), is in France with the 310th Engineers American Expeditionary Forces.

Hubert Patterson Osborne.

CAPTAIN HUBERT PATTERSON OSBORNE, the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel William J. and Evelyn Beatrice (Phippen) Osborne; was born at Belleville, Ontario, on April 28, 1895, being of Loyalist descent. His early education was obtained at the Fredericton public schools, Mt. Allison Academy and Fredericton Business College. He entered the University in 1911 and was enrolled for three years. Later, Captain Osborne was a student at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and at the time of his enlistment was a student-at-law in the offices of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Harcourt, of Toronto.

Captain Osborne's military career is a long and creditable one and he has well maintained the traditions of his family. He enlisted as a bugler in June, 1907, with the 71st York Regiment, and was gazetted as Lieutenant in the same unit in 1914. In September, 1915, he was appointed a Lieutenant in "C" Company, 104th Battalion, and later was promoted to second in command of his company with the rank of Captain. He reached England with this unit in June, 1916, and, on the unit being broken up into drafts, transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. After doing duty as an Observer on Coast Defence in England, he went to France with the 21st Squadron in July, 1917. On August 7, 1917, he was instantly killed by machine gun bullets in a fight with four German planes. He was buried in Perth cemetery, Zillebeke. The bereaved family have had numerous letters from comrades of the gallant officer testifying to his worth and happy disposition. His father has seen service in France, and also his younger brother, Gordon. His Chaplain has suggested this epitaph:

In honor chivalrous;
In duty valorous;
In all things noble;
To the heart's core, clean.

The following lines aptly describe the spirit of this gallant soldier:

"All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,
Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a name.
Here a boy he dwelt through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow, departed as he came."

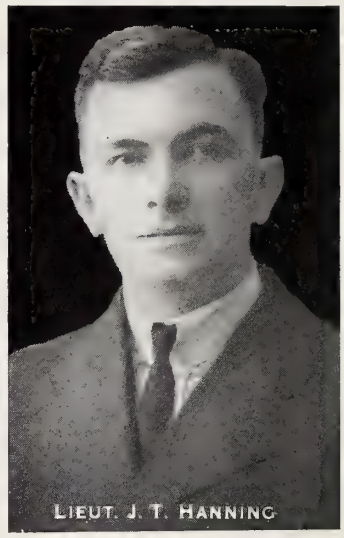
Ralph Markham.

RALPH MARKHAM entered the class of 1898, coming from St. John. He is remembered by the students of twenty years ago as one of the best football backs on the University team. He left the University after an attendance of two years. Later the family moved to Vancouver. Markham went overseas as a Captain in one of the Western battalions and was killed in action early in the war. Those who knew him in the old days do not need to be told that his career was an honorable one, and that he proved himself an energetic and capable officer.

Frank Harvey Tingley.

FRANK HARVEY TINGLEY, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tingley, of Moncton, N. B., was born at Point de Bute, Westmorland County, N. B., February 10, 1890. He received his early education in the public schools of this province

Lieut. L. S. Edgett



Lieut. J. T. Hanning

Lieut. J. C. Hanson

Lieut. [illegible] Harmon, D.F.M., D.C.M.

Bomb. T. J. Gorma[illegible]

Honor Roll.

and entered the University on graduating from Aberdeen High School, Moncton, in 1906. At the University, although reserved and modest in manner, he was interested in all student activities. He was a talented pianist and an enthusiastic member of the College Glee Club. He received his degree as B. Sc. in Civil Engineering in 1910. After graduating he was employed as a civil engineer for the Public Works Department.

Before the war he held a commission as Lieutenant in the old 19th Field Battery of the militia. Upon the outbreak of war he immediately offered his services. His old battery volunteered and became the 8th Field Battery, Canadian Expeditionary Forces. He crossed to England as Lieutenant in the 8th Battery with the First Contingent in November, 1914. His battery went to France in February, 1915. At Ypres, on May 2, 1915, while acting as Forward Observing Officer for his battery, he was wounded in the knee. For his distinguished services on this occasion he was awarded the Military Cross. As his wound was somewhat slow in healing he was sent to Canada while convalescing. On his arrival at Moncton in the summer of 1915 he was accorded an enthusiastic reception by the citizens of his home city. He returned to the front in January, 1916. On August 18 of that same year, he was wounded a second time and again returned to Canada. His spirit and belief in the cause are shown in that he now refused a staff position in Canada, and requested to be allowed to return to the Front. While in Canada he was commissioned to recruit an artillery draft. After raising and training his men in Canada he returned overseas with his men in November, 1917. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in the 36th Battery on his return to the Front. Later he was transferred to the 23rd Battery. While with this battery, on September 5, 1918, he was severely wounded by an aeroplane bomb. Although severely wounded, hopes were entertained for his recovery, therefore news of his death on October 14, 1918, came somewhat unexpectedly. Captain Tingley was well liked by all, and his many friends, both in military and civil life, will keenly regret his loss.

Robert Kilgour Shives.

CAPTAIN ROBERT KILGOUR SHIVES was born at Campbellton, Restigouche County, N. B., July 20, 1891, and was the son of the late Kilgour and Maria S. Shives. His father, a prominent lumber merchant, lost his life, while hunting big game, by the accidental discharge of a rifle.

He was educated at the Campbellton Grammar School, matriculated into the Forestry Department of the University of New Brunswick in 1909, and graduated in 1913.

He volunteered in 1914, but was not accepted because of a weak ankle, the result of an accident shortly before, while engaged in forestry work near Grand Falls. But, not to be hindered from doing his "bit," the young man proceeded to Toronto and took a course in aviation with the Curtis firm, qualifying for a position in the Imperial Army. Shortly after his arrival in England he was sent to the Ypres salient, where his efficient and valuable service as pilot and observer won him rapid promotion from Second Lieutenant to a Lieutenancy, and finally he was made Captain in charge of a flight of six machines. His photographs of positions taken while on scout duty were remarkably clear and full, and stamped him as a born artist. One, taken on the eve of a projected advance, revealed a Hun trench unknown to the British officer, which would have wrought havoc in the attacking lines on the morrow. It was promptly demolished, and the young officer and scout was commended for his excellent work. On Sunday, April 30, 1916, and while flying ten miles back of the German lines, he engaged an enemy machine, and was badly wounded, but brought his air-ship back in safety to the aerodrome, twenty-five miles distant.

Invalided to England and recovering from the wound, he visited his home in the summer of the same year. He returned overseas and went on Zeppelin duty in August, but was accidentally killed at Euston, near Thetford, September 29, 1916, by the discharge of a machine gun he was examining.

With the permission of the Home Secretary the remains were removed from Euston, brought to New Brunswick and re-interred in Fernhill Cemetery, St. John.

Frederick R. Foley.

LIEUTENANT FRED. R. FOLEY, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Foley, was born in the City of St. John, August 2, 1893. His early education was obtained in the public schools of that City and he graduated from the High School in 1912. For two years subsequently he worked with his father in the pottery firm of Jas. W. Foley & Co. He entered the University in September, 1914, but duty's call enabled him to complete only one term's work. All through his High School and his short College career, Lieutenant Foley was very prominent in athletics, and the family are in proud possession of many medals which testify to his prowess.

SIGNALLER J. C. KETCHUM

GUNNER G. S. M. FRASER

GUNNER S. E. KITCHEN

BOMB. J. I. MORRISON

PTE. J. F. C. DOLAN

Honor Roll.

Early in 1915 he enlisted in the Field Artillery, and later went to Fredericton and qualified for a commission in the infantry. He was then attached to the 55th Battalion and went with that unit from Sussex to Valcartier and thence to England in the fall of 1915. On July 1, 1916, he went in a draft to France to fill up the depleted ranks of the 26th New Brunswick Battalion. His military career was one of great promise, but unfortunately it was cut short by his death on September 30, 1916, during the battle of the Somme. With two other officers, Lieutenant Foley was sleeping in a German dugout when a German shell made a direct hit upon it and he was instantly killed. He was buried in the little village of Courcelette.

Locksley McKnight.

LIEUTENANT LOCKSLEY McKNIGHT, the son of John and Katherine McKnight, of Fredericton, was born in that city on December 30, 1888. His early education was received in the Fredericton Public Schools and he entered the University in 1905. He was a brilliant student and an athlete of great ability. He was a member of the best basketball team the University ever had and he was also a star at football.

Lieutenant McKnight graduated with a B. A. degree in 1909. For a year he was Principal of the Andover Grammar School and then returned to the University for the year 1910-11. He received his M. A. degree, and later became Principal of the McCauley School in Edmonton. He took further courses at the University of Alberta, and Columbia University, New York.

He received his commission with the 56th Calgary Battalion on October 15, 1915, and went overseas on April 10, 1916. He volunteered to take a draft of the 49th Battalion to France in June of that year and was attached to that unit at the time of his death, which occurred at Courcelette. Of his death a fellow-officer writes as follows: "At the last moment, he, along with some other officers, was selected to remain behind as a reserve. Next afternoon, when they learned at headquarters that four out of five officers of "D" Company were wounded, and that I was the only officer left and had been slightly wounded, they sent Locksley and another officer to help me out. We were in a somewhat isolated position and they had to come across an open space for a short distance. They had just started, when a German machine gun opened on them, killing them both."

Jack Basil Hipwell.

LIEUTENANT JACK BASIL HIPWELL, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. David Hipwell was born in 1893 in the Town of Woodstock, N. B., where he lived with his family until the age of fourteen, when the family moved to St. John, where Jack finished his High School education. His school career was always brilliant. He led Carleton county on entrance into High School and won several medals throughout his course, including the Dominion Medal for Manual Training work.

Lieutenant Hipwell was a member of the 1915 Forestry Class, and was granted his degree by the University, together with other members of his class who enlisted in the 23rd Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, during the winter of 1914-1915. Besides being well to the front in his studies, he held various offices, including the following: Member of Class and University Hockey and Basketball Teams; Secretary-Treasurer and Vice-President Forestry Association; Class President and member of Debating Team; Senior Editor of the Monthly and President of the Students' Association.

Lieutenant Hipwell crossed to England in February, 1915. To get to France the more quickly, he gave up his stripes and reverted to the ranks. He went to France in May, 1915, and was soon drafted into the 8th Battery, with which he served until April, 1916, when he was granted a commission. After a remarkably short and successful course of seven weeks at Shorncliffe, Lieutenant Hipwell returned to France. His fatal wounds were received just two weeks after his return to the front on duty with the 5th Battery, during the allied bombardment as an initial move to the attack of Sanctuary Wood, June 17, 1916. "Tell the Major I was on the job," was the last message of this gallant officer to his Officer Commanding, as he lay dying in a rude dugout in the Ypres salient. Thus Jack Hipwell died as he had lived. His brother Harry is now on duty overseas. Besides his parents and brother he is survived by two sisters, Mary and Annie Hipwell.

John T. Gibson.

LIEUTENANT JOHN T. GIBSON was the son of Alexander and Charlotte Gibson, and was born at Marysville, York County, N. B., February 28, 1890.

He was educated in the Marysville school and the Fredericton High School, and was matriculated into the University, where he entered the department

GUNNER A. B. CALDWELL

PTE. C. E. FREEZE

PTE. E. H. JONES

PTE. M. R. C. SMITH

HONOR ROLL.

of Civil Engineering. In 1910 he was graduated, and accepted a position in the Dominion Public Works Department, St. John.

As early as 1906 he became a member of the 71st Regiment and drilled more or less regularly for some years, winning a lieutenancy in 1916, when he enlisted. In September he was appointed recruiting officer for the counties of Kings and Sunbury, which position he filled until January, 1917, and in June of that year he was granted a cadetship in the Royal Flying Corps, and soon after obtained a lieutenancy.

He sailed for England September 1, 1917, with a detachment of the Canadian Air Force, passed all the tests successfully, and was assigned to duty at Gatesbury, Wiltshire. While making a "solo" flight, his plane in some way got out of control and crashed to the ground, fatally injuring the young aviator, who never recovered consciousness, dying February 10, shortly after the accident. He was buried with military honors in a little churchyard at that place.

He was fond of military life. Those, who knew him best, admired his sturdy, heroic spirit, and were looking for a record of iron courage and brave deeds, had the young soldier been destined to reach the line where men do and die; but it was otherwise ordained.

Ralph B. Clark.

LIEUTENANT RALPH B. CLARK was the son of William and Ruth Clark, of St. Stephen, N. B., where he was born July 27, 1889. He matriculated from the High School of the town into the University, and was graduated in 1911 with the degree of B. A.

During his undergraduate course he took a prominent part in Y. M. C. A. activities, and was untiring in his zeal to promote the social and moral well-being of the students. His love and genius for the work found recognition; for in the fall of 1911 he was appointed by the Presbyterian Church to a position in Naparima College, Trinidad, where he remained two years. On his return he entered Pine Hill Theological College, Halifax, N. S., but, when the great war broke out, he was among the first to volunteer, and enlisted as a private in the Army Medical Corps. In February, 1915, he went overseas, and remained in England till May, when he crossed to France with No. 1 Canadian Hospital.

Ever sincere, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and attentive to the wants and comforts of others, Private Clark became very popular among the staff and was promoted to corporal and afterwards to sergeant. One year was passed in hospital work; but the ghastly scenes of the dressing stations, with their story of great deeds being done and tremendous sacrifices made at the front, stirred the deep sense of a higher duty, and he applied for permission to join a combatant unit. The request being granted, he was made a Lieutenant and returned to England, where he was attached to the 12th Battalion, and saw some months' training. Returning to France he joined the 26th — the "Fighting 26th" — which took a prominent part in the great offensive of the Somme and later at Courcelette, where Lieutenant Clark was killed September 17.

Edward Byron McLean.

EDWARD BYRON McLEAN, son of the late K. A. and Mary McLean, was born at Moncton, June 13, 1887.

He received his early education in the Moncton Schools, graduating from the Aberdeen High School in 1903. The same year he entered the University of New Brunswick, graduating with the degree of B. Sc. in 1907. He received his M. Sc. degree in 1910.

Until 1912 he was with the Canadian Government Railways as Engineer. He then went to Calgary, Alberta, where he was employed first with the Canadian Pacific Railway and later as Assistant City Engineer of Calgary.

He enlisted in June, 1915, as Lieutenant in A. Company of the 50th Overseas Battalion. In October of that year he went to England and left for Belgium on August 8 and thence to France on September 5, 1916. He fought at Ypres and the Battle of the Somme. During the taking of Regina trench at the Somme, on November 18, A. Company went beyond its objective. The Major, in attempting to recall his men, was shot by a sniper. McLean took command, and shortly afterward, in going to the aid of one of his men, was shot through the head and instantly killed. The bodies of the officers were not recovered.

Lieutenant McLean is survived by a wife and two children.

George P. O. Fenwick.

GEORGE PAGET OWEN FENWICK was born at Apohaqui, Kings County, N. B., on August 18, 1882. He was the youngest son of Matthew Fenwick and Harriet Owen Fenwick. He attended the school at Apohaqui and the Sussex Grammar School, from which he graduated in 1898.

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In the fall of that year he entered the University of New Brunswick, holding the Kings County Scholarship. He graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1902 with first class honours in Natural Science and Chemistry. For the next two years he took post-graduate work in Chemistry and Natural Science at Queens University. The following year he spent at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., U. S. A., as an assistant in Chemistry.

On account of the sudden death of his father he was unable to return to Wesleyan University. He successfully wrote the Provincial Grammar School License examinations, and became the Principal of Dorchester High School. After two years he resigned and entered the Dalhousie Law School. In 1911 he received the degree B. C. L., being graduated as the leader of his class. During the fall of that year he wrote the New Brunswick Bar examinations and was admitted to the bar at the head of the list. He was offered and accepted a position in the Department of the Attorney-General of Alberta, where later he became Solicitor to the Attorney-General.

He enlisted and received a commission with the 115th Battalion, but was unable to leave his department at the time of his enlistment. He joined the unit at Bramshott, England, August 18, 1916. When this unit was broken up, he was attached to the 112th Battalion, but was soon transferred to the Machine Gun Corps. His military training was taken at Pirbright and Crowborough. He went to France with the 7th Machine Gun Company in May, 1917. In August of that year he conducted the provincial overseas elections for the Province of Alberta. He was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 30, 1917.

Of Lieutenant Fenwick his commanding officer wrote: "We were all very much affected by the death of Mr. Fenwick, for he was so keen, full of enthusiasm and a most likeable man. As he was in civil life prominent in his profession, so he was out here a most efficient and courageous officer. He was always thorough, and everything that was given him to do was done well and in a most cheerful spirit. . . . . The army has lost one of the kind we can ill afford to lose."

Charles Murray Lawson.

CHARLES MURRAY LAWSON, of Loyalist descent, was born at St. John, August 19, 1883, the son of William and Julia Lawson. He was educated at the St. John High School and the University of New Brunswick, being graduated from the University with first class Honours, 1903. After graduation he engaged in teaching. He taught at Rothesay Collegiate School, Western Canada College, Sussex Grammar School, Fredericton High School and St. John High School. On his enlistment he was granted leave of absence from the St. John staff.

He was, before the war, a Lieutenant in the 62nd Fusiliers, and, shortly after the outbreak of the war, he received his commission as Lieutenant in the well-known 26th New Brunswick Battalion. He went to France in September, 1915, and was killed on the night of November 26, 1915, while making a reconnaissance in No Man's Land, for which duty he had volunteered.

James Talmage Hanning.

JAMES TALMAGE HANNING, son of the late James Hanning and Jane McElveny Hanning, was born at Fredericton on February 15, 1887.

He was educated at the Fredericton High School and the University of New Brunswick. He became a qualified Civil Engineer and Deputy Land Surveyor. He followed his profession for eight years, five years being spent with Mr. G. G. Murdoch in St. John.

He declined a commission with the Canadian Engineers and paid his own expenses to England to join the Royal Flying Corps, January 15, 1916. He obtained the rank of Second Lieutenant.

He was actively engaged in artillery observation and reconnaissance work during all the heavy fighting on the Somme in 1916.

On November 27, while endeavouring to carry out a reconnaissance at a very low altitude, his machine was shot down in flames by machine gun fire from the ground and fell within the German lines.

Burdette W. Harmon.

BURDETTE W. HARMON was born at Peel, N. B., on April 3, 1888, his parents being Allison W. Harmon and Louisa Harmon. He came to the University of New Brunswick with a High School training received at Woodstock, and was graduated in 1912 with the degree of B. A. After graduation he was appointed Assistant Inspector of Fish Hatcheries with the Dominion Government, and was engaged in this work at the outbreak of the war. He first enlisted as a private with the Canadian Engineers, but had several transfers, the first to the Imperial Army with the West Yorkshires, then to the 52nd Battalion in a Manitoba regiment, and finally to the Royal Flying Corps with the rank

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of Lieutenant. He holds a very honorable place among our heroes, being the winner of three medals,—D.C.M., M.C., and Cross of St. George. Lieutenant Harmon did his part at Ypres 1915, Festubert 1915, Givenchy 1915, Ypres 1916, Somme 1916, Vimy 1917, Cambrai 1917, Amiens 1918. He was shot down while on patrol duty, east of Corbie on May 10, 1918.

Louis Stanley Edgett.

LOUIS STANLEY EDGETT was the son of the late Captain Judson H. Edgett and Mrs. Annie B. Steeves of Hillsborough, New Brunswick, and was born on the ship "Stanley," of which his father was the captain, on the Indian Ocean, June 23, 1894, near Port Louis, Island of Mauritius, from which city and ship he took his Christian names. Two years later, in March, 1896, the ship "Stanley" was lost in a hurricane in the North Sea, off the coast of Holland, and after clinging to the rigging from 4 p.m. till 9 o'clock next morning, the child, his parents and a part of the crew were rescued by a life boat and landed at Nieuwediep.

He received his preparatory education in the Hillsborough High School, where he graduated at the head of his class in June, 1912, and entered the University of New Brunswick in September of that year, being awarded the Albert County Scholarship. But he was not destined to complete his University course, for the call to arms in defence of outraged justice and humanity met a ready response in the youthful student of strong friendships, broad sympathies and heroic mould, and "Stan" put aside the college gown and donned the khaki in November, 1915. He had already seen considerable military training at Camp Sussex, first as a member of the 28th New Brunswick Dragoons, later of the 74th Westmorland Regiment (Brunswick Rangers), and subsequently qualified for Captain and Lieutenant at the Military School at Halifax.

After enlistment he was attached to the Canadian Battalion (St. John Tigers) as musketry instructor, and in September, 1916, proceeded overseas. On arrival in England, he was transferred to the 60th Battalion Canadian Infantry (Victoria Rifles, Canada) as Lieutenant in "B" Company, and went immediately to France, where he saw several months of active service.

May 1, 1917, he was transferred to the 87th Battalion Canadian Infantry (Canadian Grenadier Guards), and nine days later was mortally wounded in the struggle before Lens, May 10. Though hurried to the emergency hospital and treated with all the care and skill possible, the young officer was so badly injured that he died the same day.

Lieutenant Edgett fought also at the Somme and in the bloody but victorious battle of Vimy Ridge, where the Canadian troops covered themselves with glory.

Energy, courage, and a spirit of self-sacrifice, combined with a cheerful bearing at all times, made him popular with officers and men. Lieutenant-Colonel J. O. Douchse, of the 87th, said: "We all feel his loss personally, and, although young, he had developed very soldierly qualities."

Major T. S. Ralston, of the 60th Battalion, with whom the young soldier had seen practically all his service in France, wrote: "In his time with us he was looked upon as a most capable and efficient officer and one we could ill afford to lose."

Lord Stamfordham, at His Majesty the King's command, addressed his mother in these words: "The King has received from his Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada, an issue of the 'Moncton Times,' giving a sketch of the life of your son, Lieutenant Louis Stanley Edgett. . . . The King was grieved to hear of the loss which you have sustained. His Majesty was interested in the fact that Lieutenant Edgett was born on the same day as the Prince of Wales, and to learn that he had gone through such thrilling experiences as a child of only two years of age. I am commanded to express to you the King's true sympathy in the fresh trial you are called upon to bear, but his Majesty hopes you may find some consolation in the thought that your gallant son sacrificed his life in the cause of justice and freedom."

In the military cemetery at Lapugnory, and within sight of the scene of his last fight, Lieutenant Edgett was laid to rest by his sorrowing comrades.

John C. Hanson.

LIEUTENANT JOHN C. HANSON was the only son of Inspector of Schools Rupert D. and Gussie P. Hanson, and was born in Sussex, N. B., in 1894. Educated at the Bathurst and Chatham Grammar Schools, where he distinguished himself, winning the Lieutenant-Governor's medal in the former, and the Governor-General's in the latter, he entered the University in 1909 and graduated with the degree of B. A. in 1913. During his undergraduate course he was awarded the Alumni Gold Medal in Latin essay competition, and the Connaught Gold Medal for proficiency in Science.

He entered the profession of teaching and was Principal of the Riverside Consolidated School,

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when the call "To arms" went forth, and young Hanson, who had already had some military training and experience, first as Quartermaster Sergeant of the 71st Battalion, and later as Lieutenant of the 74th, enlisted, and went to England in June, 1917, as Lieutenant of "D" Company, 104th Battalion. There he attended different military schools, and on the conclusion of the course received a certificate of excellence in military law and strategy.

While at Hythe he witnessed a Hun air raid of which he wrote: "I counted sixteen planes myself; and some say there was a Zeppelin also; but I doubt it. I had my binoculars trained on them all the time, and the bombs were dropping around so thick and fast, I got dizzy trying to calculate where the next one would land. You could hear 'swish,' 'bang,' and knew you were safe from that one."

As a member of the Royal Flying Corps he went to France and was attached to the 55th Squadron, June 10. The day before he had his photograph taken and ordered an ivory miniature for his mother, of which he wrote: "You can see that it is finished, if I don't." He seemed to be filled with a premonition of impending fate.

On scout duty he frequently flew over the Hun lines, and the young aviator had some thrilling experiences on these occasions. Of one he wrote: "We steadily climbed until we reached 17,000 feet. The wind was westerly, but near the earth was very light. However, it must have been blowing quite hard upstairs. For when we came down through the clouds to see where we were, my pilot did not recognize the country at all. . . . Things looked rather plain at 2,000 feet and we could see several towns and villages and one large city on our left. We flew west. Suddenly I heard a sharp crump, crump, crump. The coal black "Archies" were bursting all around me. An extra loud bang seemed to go right in my very ear.

"By this time the pilot was twisting the machine and throwing her about, so that I had to hold on for dear life. We were going 110 to 120 miles per hour, and, as we neared the trenches, the Huns turned their machine guns on us. . . . . I can't just describe my feelings. I suppose I was frightened. But I was also terribly interested. . . . . All we had to show for it was a few machine gun bullets and shrapnel splinters through our wings and tail."

On July 13 his squadron participated in a battle which he described as terrible. Two members of the squadron went down, but the rest got some Hun fliers as compensation.

The morning of the 14th he and his pilot were ordered to "try out" a machine of the new type, which was dreaded by all the boys; and, after rising to some height, it suddenly lurched, nose-dived to the earth, and both pilot and observer were instantly killed.

Lieutenant Hanson was described by his commander as "a good officer and a stout companion." Active and adventurous, quick and decisive in action, he was a good type of the Canadian youth, who volunteered when the safety of the Empire was threatened.

He and his trusty pilot, who had so often challenged death together in the dim heights above the clouds or amid the rattle of anti-air craft guns and the bursting of shells as they swooped over the enemy's lines, lie side by side in the same grave in Souvenir Cemetery, Longuenesse, St. Omer.

Thomas J. Gorman.

BOMBARDIER THOMAS J. GORMAN was born at St. John, N. B., April 23, 1892, his parents being Elizabeth T. and the late Thomas Gorman. He received his early education in the public schools of St. John and then entered upon his collegiate course at St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S. After remaining there for two years studying for his engineering degree, he accepted a position with the Public Works Department at Chatham as Assistant Engineer. In 1913, he entered the University of New Brunswick, and continued his engineering course until the outbreak of the war, when, with others of his class, he joined the 23rd Battery, mobilizing in Fredericton. At the Encaenia of 1915 he received his degree *in absentia*.

After brief periods of training in Canada and England, Bombardier Gorman was sent to France and was attached to the 8th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery. With this unit he served through two years of intense fighting,—Festubert, Givenchy, Ypres, Sanctuary Wood, etc. At the battle of the Somme, Bombardier Gorman was instantly killed by a shell on October 12, 1916.

His military career was very conscientious and praiseworthy, so much so, that just previous to his death, he was detailed to proceed to England to study for a commission. His comrades speak very highly of him as a man and a soldier. He is survived by his mother and one brother, G. Anglin Gorman, of St. John.

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John J. Morrison.

BOMBARDIER JOHN I. MORRISON, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Atwood Morrison, was born in St. John, September 1, 1893. He received his early education in the public schools of St. John and entered the University in the autumn of 1910. He had an enviable scholastic record all through his course and was very prominent in athletics. He was quiet and unassuming and possessed of a dry humour which would assert itself on occasion. His sterling traits gathered for him a large circle of friends. He completed his course in Civil Engineering at the age of twenty years.

Bombardier Morrison enlisted as early as August, 1914, with the 28th Dragoons, but, hearing they were not for active service, transferred in November to the 23rd Battery. He arrived in England the following February and went to the 2nd Brigade Artillery in France and to the 8th Field Battery. Later he was transferred to the 48th Howitzer Battery as a signaller, where his services were the admiration of both officers and men. He participated in the battles of the Somme, Givenchy, Sanctuary Wood, Vimy, Hill 70 and Passchendaele. He was slightly wounded in October, 1916, and was twice recommended for a decoration. The fatal wound was received at Passchendaele, November 30, 1917, and he died at the base hospital at Etaples on December 20.

Stewart Kitchen.

GUNNER STEWART KITCHEN was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kitchen, of Fredericton, N. B., where he was born February 20, 1895. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Fredericton, where he graduated from the High School in June, 1912. He entered the University the following autumn as a student in Forestry.

On December 2, 1914, he enlisted in the 23rd Battery, stationed in Fredericton, and on February 22, 1915, he sailed for England. He arrived in France in May of the same year and was attached to the 5th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, serving with this unit for nearly a year, when he was transferred to the D. 48th Howitzer Battery. It was while serving with this Battery that Gunner Kitchen met his death at the battle of the Somme. During a lull in the fighting on November 6, 1916, he and two others started to repair their dugout, which shortly before had been hit by a shell. While they were so occupied, a shell hit the front of the dugout, killing Gunner Kitchen instantly. On November 10, he was laid to rest in the pretty Farahill Military Cemetery near Albert, close to the spot where he had fought so well. He was very popular with his comrades.

James Carleton Ketchum.

SIGNALLER JAS. CARLETON KETCHUM, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock, received his early education in that town. He entered the University in 1911 in Arts, but shortly after changed his course to Forestry. Of a quiet, reserved disposition, and very unconventional, his originality and humour, joined with his natural ability, won him a coterie of warm friends among the students. He was particularly clever as an amateur artist, and in this capacity was a frequent contributor to "The Monthly." In the summer and fall of 1914, he was engaged on a forest survey on Duck Mountain Reserve, Manitoba. Having returned home, he enlisted with the 23rd Battery. Sickness prevented him reaching France as soon as he wished. Taking a special course in signalling, he was attached to the reorganized 22nd Battery in England, and when this Battery went to France, Signaller Ketchum was attached to the Headquarters' Staff, in which capacity he rendered valuable service. He passed through many desperate situations and fought in the battles of the Somme, Vimy, Sanctuary Wood, etc. On the occasion of a heavy counter attack on May 3, near Vimy, while repairing a telephone wire, he was wounded. A chum, who was with him, wrote that when he last saw him, he was sitting on a stretcher with "a cigarette in his mouth and the same old smile on his face." He succumbed to his wounds the following day, and his body rests in the cemetery of Aux Ritz. He was extremely popular with the boys of his battery and his Officer Commanding writes: "He greatly distinguished himself in the battle of the Somme as an expert telephonist."

In connection with his work in Manitoba, it is interesting to note that his fellow foresters have received permission to name one of the higher hills of the reserve after him, and are placing on a large boulder at the top a bronze tablet with this inscription: "He blazed a good trail."

John F. C. Dolan.

PRIVATE JOHN FREDERICK COLEMAN DOLAN, son of James and Katherine Dolan, was born at Fredericton on July 23, 1890. His early education was gained at Saint Dunstan's

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School and he later graduated from the High School, Fredericton, in 1907. The same year he entered the University to study Civil Engineering. During his College and High School career, Private Dolan was a sporting enthusiast and athlete. He captained both the football and hockey teams while at High School, and was a member of several University of New Brunswick football, hockey and basketball teams, being a member of the star team which toured Upper Canada. He also later played baseball professionally in the New Brunswick and Maine League.

In religion a Roman Catholic, he was a prominent member of St. Dunstan's choir. He also was a clever amateur thespian, taking part in numerous local and college plays. Before enlisting he was attached as a surveyor to Residency No. 2 of the Valley Railroad Survey, and was connected with other lines of his profession in New Brunswick.

Private Dolan enlisted on November 11, 1914, with the 25th Overseas Battalion, but, before leaving Canada, transferred to the 6th Canadian Mounted Rifles. In England he transferred to the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles and served continuously in the trenches until the Battle of Ypres, June 2, 1916, when he was listed among the "missing." His family have not heard from him since, but they have not altogether given up hope of his still being alive, although every effort to locate him through the War Office has met with no success.

G. B. MacDonell Fraser.

GEORGE B. MacDONELL FRASER was the youngest son of the late George B. Fraser, barrister, etc., of Chatham, N. B., and Blanche, daughter of Dr. Brydone-Jack, a graduate of Aberdeen University, and for many years President of the University of New Brunswick.

"Mac" was born at Chatham, June 28, 1894, and was educated in the public schools of the town, matriculating from the Grammar School to the University in 1911. In May, 1915, he was graduated with the degree C.E., *in absentia*, for he was at the front in France.

While an undergraduate, he was employed in the Public Works Department three summers,— two at Chatham, N. B., the other at Quebec.

In November, 1914, he and many of his classmates joined the 23rd Field Battery and trained in Fredericton till February, 1915, when he sailed in the "Megantic" for England. In the following May "Mac" went to France in a reinforcement to the 8th Battery under Colonel Anderson, was wounded in October, 1916, and invalided to England for several months. Returning to France in May, 1917, he was transferred to the 5th Battery, and fell in the Battle of Vimy Ridge, July 23, 1917.

He had seen much fighting on the Somme, both as a member of the 8th and afterwards of the 5th Battery, and his great coolness, dash, and courage were everywhere remarked.

"A good soldier and comrade; even tempered, cool and brave under fire; jolly and unselfish," writes a companion. Another says: "Mac stood true under the supremest tests of manhood." Again: "All who knew him loved him for his constant cheerfulness and devotion to duty." "No better gun-layer or finer man in the Battery than Mac Fraser," adds another.

He was buried in Aux Ritz Military Cemetery, Davons, near Albert.

His eldest brother, Lieutenant Archibald Brydone Fraser, of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, Vancouver, was killed in the Battle of the Somme, November 2, 1916, and buried in the Albert Communal Cemetery.

Charles Edward Freeze.

CHARLES EDWARD FREEZE, the youngest son of J. Arthur Freeze of the town of Sussex, Judge of Probate, and the late Mary Dawson Freeze, was born at Sussex, February 26, 1891, and was educated at the Sussex Grammar School. He entered the University of New Brunswick as a Freshman in the autumn of 1910, but left before the completion of the term to enter the Bank of Nova Scotia at Sussex, where he remained about a year. He then went to Montreal and engaged in the business of advertising, becoming prominently connected with some of the leading business houses there. In the autumn of 1915 he left Montreal to enter the ranks of the 104th Overseas Battalion, then being raised in his native Province, and proceeded overseas with that Battalion in June, 1916. Being transferred later to the 13th Reserve Battalion, he was appointed an Instructor, which position he relinquished in order to proceed to France, where he entered the ranks of the 26th New Brunswick Battalion. On April 7, 1918, he was dangerously wounded and transferred to the Canadian General Hospital at Etaples, France, where, after improving considerably, he died on the morning of May 20, 1918, immediately following the destruction of the hospital by the Hun air raid.

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Melbourne R. C. Smith.

MELBOURNE R. C. SMITH, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, formerly of Oak Bay, N. B., was born on May 12, 1886. His elementary education was received in the public schools of the Province. In 1904 he graduated from the Provincial Normal School. After several years in the teaching profession, he entered the University of New Brunswick and graduated in Arts in 1910. Following a short course in the New Brunswick Military School he obtained a position in the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Two years later he moved to Winnipeg and graduated from the Law School of Manitoba University in 1916.

Immediately after graduation in law he enlisted with the 221st Battalion, Winnipeg, with the rank of Sergeant. Upon his arrival in England he was transferred to the 13th Canadian Reserve Battalion, reverting to the rank of private. In June, 1917, he went to France as a member of the 78th Canadian Battalion. He volunteered for scouting duty, and at the Battle of Passchendaele, October 30, 1917, was severely wounded in the shoulder. He was carried to the dressing station, and, while waiting to have his wounds dressed, was instantly killed by a bursting shell. He is buried in Tyne-Cott Military Cemetery, in the village of Gravenstafel, just northeast of Ypres.

Joseph Clarke Sommerville.

JOSEPH CLARKE SOMMERVILLE, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Sommerville, was born at St. John, N. B., on June 22, 1899. His early education was obtained at the schools of his native city. While at High School his athletic ability won him a place on several football and basketball teams. He was prominent in the activities of the St. John Y. M. C. A., and St. David's Presbyterian Church.

In 1916, after completing Grade XII at St. John High School, he entered the University as a member of the Sophomore Class. Here Clarke was universally regarded as a brilliant student, a good athlete, and, moreover, as an upright, clean-living young man. He was captain of the Sophomore Basketball Team and a member of the University Football Team.

On November 29, 1916, he enlisted with the 9th Siege Battery stationed at Partridge Island, being at the time only seventeen years of age. He went overseas in December, 1917. In June, 1918, after completing his training in England, he joined the 12th Siege Battery in France. While fighting with that unit he received wounds which proved fatal. His death occurred in hospital a few days later, October 3, 1918. Letters recently received from his comrades overseas speak very highly of the manner in which he performed his duties and of his life at the front.

Arthur Beverly Caldwell.

ARTHUR BEVERLY CALDWELL, the eldest son of the late John and R. H. Caldwell, was born May 22, 1896, at New Canaan, near Havelock, Kings County, N. B. He received his early education at the Canaan Road School and Petitcodiac Superior School. He entered the Provincial Normal School, at Fredericton, in the fall of 1912. After his course there he taught school for a short time. Later he was graduated from Fredericton High School.

He entered the University of New Brunswick as a Freshman in the fall of 1914. While at the University he took a great interest in the various student activities. In his Sophomore year he held the offices of Secretary of the Students' Association and Vice-President of the Debating Society. He was an enthusiastic football and basketball player. After completing his Sophomore year he enlisted in the 9th Siege Battery and was given the rank of Sergeant. In August of the same year, while taking a Heavy Artillery course at Halifax, he developed typhoid fever. Such was his eagerness to return to his duties, that he did not allow himself time to recover fully from the effects of his illness. A short time after returning to St. John he developed pleurisy and finally tuberculosis. He was sent to Lake Edward Sanitorium in Quebec. In November, 1917, he was returned to his old home at Havelock, where he passed away on March 17, 1918. He was buried at Havelock.

C. E. Kingdon Jones.

CHARLES E. KINGDON JONES was born at St. John, N. B., September 26, 1889, the son of Charles D. and Jane McNutt Jones. Kingdon was educated at Rothesay College, and entered McGill University which he attended for a year. He was then matriculated into the University of New Brunswick and graduated B. A. in 1912.

Becoming a member of the staff of a geological survey party he spent one summer afield in Nova Scotia, and in December was appointed to a permanent position in the Department of the Interior,

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Ottawa. In the autumn of 1916 he entered the Kingston Military College to qualify in artillery, but, being injured by a fall from his horse, was obliged to discontinue the course. On recovering, he enlisted as a private in the Queen's Field Ambulance and went overseas in August, 1917. From Shorncliffe he was transferred to Seaford and attached to the 7th Canadian Reserve Battalion, with which he went to France in April, 1918, and was then drafted into the 38th Canadian Battalion of Ottawa.

He fought at Amiens, August 8 to 15; at Arras, August 28; Drocourt, September 2; and at Douai-Cambrai Road, September 29, where he fell in action. The gallant 38th was nearly annihilated in this fierce struggle, in which ten German divisions, with three others in reserve, were utterly routed by four Canadian divisions.

Lieutenant Crowell writes: "At the time of his death he was acting as a section commander, his senior non-com. having been killed or wounded. He was discharging the duties devolving upon him with an admirable coolness and intrepidity, giving an example of high courage to the men under him. By his death we lost a valuable man, one who had always exhibited the finest qualities of a soldier and of Canadian manhood."

He was buried in the cemetery of Bourlon Village, which stands on the edge of Bourlon Wood, from which his battalion had assisted in sweeping the Huns a few days before.

Austin Russell Murray.

LIEUTENANT AUSTIN RUSSELL MURRAY, eldest son of Dr. D. Murray, of Campbellton, N. B., was born at Campbellton on April 16, 1894, and received his early education in the Campbellton High School, from which he graduated in the year 1912 and was Class Historian of that year.

While attending school he took a course in signalling under Sergeant Lowe, where he led his class and obtained a Grade A certificate. He also studied photography and telegraphy and became quite proficient in both. After leaving school he took a course in practical engineering in Boston and subsequently studied in the engineering department of the U. N. B. at Fredericton. As soon as war was declared he was anxious to enlist for overseas service at once, but owing to the illness of his mother, who died very shortly afterwards, his plans for the time being had to be abandoned. He realized, however, that he had a duty to perform for his country, and in view of his previous training, especially in engineering, he felt that he could do his part better and be of more service to his country in the artillery than anywhere else. In order to qualify for that branch of military service he took a course at the Royal School of Artillery at Kingston, Ont., where he obtained his commission as a lieutenant.

Shortly afterwards, through the authority of Major General Rutherford, of Halifax, on the recommendation of Major Ringwood and Captain Stacey, of Kingston (two of his former instructors), he obtained an appointment with the 5th Artillery Brigade, then training at Sewell Camp, Manitoba, known as the "Crack Brigade of the West."

He joined this brigade in Montreal in the early part of August, 1915, just as the brigade was en route to England. He remained in England about two weeks, during which time he taught squad drill and gave instruction in gunnery to a section of the brigade, besides attending evening lectures given by officers who had returned from the firing line. He was then subjected to a searching examination in the several branches of field artillery, after which he was selected, with three other officers of his brigade, to go immediately to the firing line in France and thence to Belgium, where he arrived about the middle of September (just five weeks from the time he left home). On arriving in Belgium he joined the 12th Battery, 3rd Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, with the First Canadian Division, as forward observation officer and sectional battery commander.

He was in the firing line around Ypres and other points along the Western front for nine months, during which time artillery bombardments were almost continuous. He was slightly wounded several times by shell explosions and was one week in the hospital, but nothing daunting, he immediately returned to his post of duty, where he continued to direct his battery, until he was killed in action on June 16, 1916, in the twenty-second year of his age, and was buried with military honors in Reninghelst New Military Cemetery in Belgium.

In writing home and to other friends from time to time he always stated that whatever the outcome might be, he was pleased that he enlisted in the service of his country, to help in the struggle for liberty, justice and righteousness against despotism, treachery and inhumanity.

Cpl. H. E. Otts
Cpl. W. Addison
Lt. F. W. VanWart
Cpl. H. E. Barnett
Sgt. A. C. Edgecombe
Lt. W. V. Compton
Cpt. G. A. Good
Cpt. D. H. Edgecombe
Cpl. R. G. Cooper

Lt. N. D. Carr
Lt. D. S. Neill
Pte. A. E. Gilb
Maj. E. B. Vince
Sgt. J. W. Burns
Cpl. F. C. Jewell
Gnr. A. Parker
Gnr. F. Bennett
Lt. F. Flett
Sgt. F. W. Alexander
Sgt. R. L. Kuhring
Gnr. R. H. Bennett
Lt. J. D. Winslow
Maj. J. D.
Gnr. W. Wallace
Sgt. R. Thomp
Gnr. A. B. Gilbert
Corp. D. Orchard
Lt. H. C. Par

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The preceding photographic record contains the photographs of members of the University of New Brunswick who enlisted for Active Service. The following printed list records the names of those whose photographs were not obtainable for the photographic record and is therefore supplementary to it.

D. R. Arnold.
Lieut. C. C. Atkinson.
Col. J. W. Bridges.
Major A. J. Brookes.
B. M. Berry.
Sapper B. I. Burgess.
G. H. I. Cockburn.
Gunr. C. Chestnut.
Sapper F. C. Cronkite.
G. A. H. Dysart.
Major H. G. Deedes.
G. B. Dixon.
S. W. Everett.
Gunr. J. R. Fraser.
Capt. F. G. Goodspeed.
J. M. Gilchrist.
Lt.-Col. E. B. Hooper.
Lt.-Col. W. H. Harrison.
Major D. K. Hazen.
Cpl. J. F. Harvey.
Gunr. C. T. Harrison.
Lieut. C. P. Inches.
Gunr. C. J. Jones.
Capt. F. S. Jones.
Lieut. W. Kitchen.
Major J. A. Legere.
Gunr. L. J. Lockary.
Gunr. F. I. McClure.
Sapper C. M. Matheson.
Col. S. H. McKee.
W. K. MacNaughton.
W. R. Y. McLeod.
Lieut. H. C. McFarlane.
Lieut. I. M. MacLean.
Pte. C. G. Marsters.
Lieut. Ian MacLaren.
Lieut. Hilton McKnight.
Pte. W. W. McCormack.
C. H. O'Halloran.
Lt.-Col. T. E. Powers.
W. H. Patterson.
H. M. Phinney.
Pte. J. S. Ryan.
Major C. G. D. Roberts.
Gunr. L. W. Richards.
Capt. C. McN. Steeves.
Lieut. D. R. Smith.
Gunr. S. M. Somers.
Pte. H. D. Squires.
Sgt. C. R. Townsend.
Major E. C. Weyman.
Lieut. F. W. C. Wetmore.
Norman Wilson.
Capt. D. V. White.
Gunr. R. V. Ward.

MILITARY DECORATIONS.

THE following Alumni of the University of New Brunswick have been awarded Military Decorations for conspicuous bravery in active service:

C. M. G.— Colonel MURRAY MACLAREN,
Colonel S. H. MCKEE.

D. S. O.— Lieut.-Col. A. E. G. MCKENZIE,
Lieut.-Col. A. NEVILLE VINCE,
Lieut.-Col. W. H. HARRISON,
Major THOS. E. POWERS.

M. C. with Bar.— Major G. ROLAND BARNES.

M. C.— Lieut. B. W. HARMON, D.C.M.
Major E. RABAN VINCE,
Capt. J. D. HICKMAN,
Lieut. NORMAN MACKENZIE,
Lieut. FRANK ARMSTRONG,
Lieut. J. H. A. L. FAIRWEATHER,
Capt. FRANK H. TINGLEY,
Capt. M. V. MAXWELL,
Lieut. BRYDONE MILLIDGE,
Capt. NORMAN MCLEOD,

M. C.— Capt. A. N. CARTER,
Lieut. IAN MACLAREN,
Lieut. W. P. LOGGIE, D.C.M.
Lieut. R. BLAINE MURRAY,
Lieut. DOUGLAS V. WHITE,
Capt. R. FRASER ARMSTRONG,
Lieut. L. R. WHITTAKER,

M. M.— CHAUNCEY D. ORCHARD,
CHARLES R. TOWNSEND,
HERBERT A. DEVEBER,
GEORGE B. ALEXANDER.
NORMAN E. COOK.

D. C. M.— Lieut. B. W. HARMON, M.C.
Lieut. W. P. LOGGIE, M.C.

Russian Order of St. George.— Lieut. B. W. HARMON, D.C.M., M. C.

Russian Order of St. Anne.— Major E. C. WEYMAN.

The U. N. B. on Active Service

BY MR. T. C. L. KETCHUM

THE chief glory of the University of New Brunswick lies in the fact that, very happily, it combines the old and the new. With a respectable and even historic past, it enjoys a progressive present, promising well for an abundantly fruitful future. It is not well for a college, any more than for a family, to dwell unduly on its past record, however enticing the retrospect. Noble deeds of past generations are of use only as they inspire the present in its duty towards the future.

The story of the University of New Brunswick begins almost with the history of the Province. In the successive decades through which it has lived, its object has been to represent the paramount thought or opinion of the time, and to give expression to the thought in action. Founded as an institution in association with the school of religious thought then prevailing, when the time came that this particular body no longer represented the religious sentiments of a majority of the people, the custodians of the college, in honesty of purpose, concluded that a state-aided hall of learning should no longer be affiliated with any particular sect. Thus, a radically forward step was taken, long before the schools of the Province were organized on a similar basis.

Another forward move, made at a time when development along such lines seemed daring, was the admission of women as students. Reactionism condemned, but progress applauded, this innovation. Looking backward, one now sees how well chosen were these advanced policies, and that disaster would have befallen the University had less weighty counsels prevailed. So the University of New Brunswick has kept pace with public opinion, having been even in advance of it, if anything, at times.

Freedom, breadth of thought, toleration,— these formed the keynote of the curriculum, and today are of the very atmosphere of the college. One regrets that residence was abandoned and looks forward to its restoration. But the spirit of residence has been more or less maintained by the association of students in fours and fives and sixes in various lodging-houses throughout the city. Thus the interchange of ideas outside lecture hours — such an important feature of university life — has not been quite allowed to die out.

Another characteristic of the University of New Brunswick deserves special mention. It should be, and is, the college of the people. The tendency has been, as time passed, to democratize the University and make it truly popular, without lessening its efficiency. To make use of a paradox, democracy is the true aristocracy. It means that the best shall prevail by reason of merit. It means that lack of birth, or rank, or wealth, shall no longer hinder. Every man shall stand on his own feet, by his own strength, and shall not be held — propped up.

Still another pleasing trait in the student life is the attitude towards work. Of late years, at all events, observers of the college spirit have noticed that the student who idled away his vacation was regarded with scant consideration. The University of New Brunswick had no place for the slacker long before the war protruded into the lime-light this unenviable and unhonoured character. Snobbery had no place among the students. The lad, who, during the holidays, threw off his coat, put on the overalls, and, if necessary, worked as a navvy on the railroad, was held, infinitely, in more esteem than the student who dallied away the time over tennis balls and ping-pong. The lad who did things was esteemed. Herein, once more, the college interpreted the true spirit of the times, for the war has put us all in the laboring class.

And the contribution of the college to the war has been the very choicest it could give. From all parts of Canada and the United States, from the halls of Oxford and elsewhere in old England, and from other parts of the King's dominions, graduates and undergraduates bobbed up in the early days of the war. Some took commissions when they could get them, and others took whatever job came first to hand and did the best they could with it. Whether the immediate duty lay in teaching an awkward squad the primitive lesson of forming fours, or the more intricate task of mastering the mechanics of an eighteen pounder, or the hazardous job of curry-combing the hind flanks of a kicking mare, it was all in the day's job, and it was more or less cheerfully done, excepting the usual "grousing," which is the soldier's privilege. The University of New Brunswick men were not the sort of whom plaster saints are made. On the contrary, the most of them were a gay and festive lot. At times, no doubt, their language was monstrously vivid, and their religious convictions did not always lead them to tumble over one another in their zeal to attend church parades. Their peculiar shifts to "make" sick parade on Sundays would be worthy of imitation by any fair weather civilian. They had

their share of "C. B.," and were frequently found guilty of those manifold breaches of discipline, which the army, with typical pomposity, calls "crimes," but they took their punishment with unconcern and good humour, so that, as has been said of other Tommies, "to be a defaulter in such merry company was a privilege rather than a disgrace."

And when it came to the real thing in war — when officers and men together were put on their mettle, the record of the University of New Brunswick boys is clear and radiant and enduring, so that we stay-at-homes seem insipid creatures beside them.

When the war broke out, many were away, some in the east and some in the west, engaged in occupa-

Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, Thirty-Third Battery Field Artillery, C. E. F.

TOP ROW, from Left to Right: Bdr. E. SNIDER, Bdr. W. F. ALLEN, Bdr. W. G. BLAIR, Bdr. C. F. W. DREHER, Bdr. J. W. McCANDLESS, Bdr. A. M. JAMES, Bdr. S. B. HATFIELD.

THIRD ROW: Bdr. K. A. WALKER, **Bdr. H. C. de VEBER** (U. N. B., '15), **Bdr. C. B. OTTY** (U. N. B., '16), **Corp. J. B. HIPWELL** (U. N. B., '15), Corp. F. WRIGHT, **Bdr. C. B. BURDEN,** (U. N. B., '16), **Bdr. W. J. LAWSON** (U. N. B., '15), **Bdr. J. I. MORRISON** (U. N. B., '15).

SECOND ROW: Corp. J. J. McKENZIE, **Corp. B. McINERNEY** (U. N. B.,'16), **Sergt. G. F. KUHRING** (U. N. B.,'16), Sergt. G. W. SINNIS, **Sergt. T. C. BARKER** (U.N.B.), Sergt. L. A. FULLERTON, Corp. R. V. JONES, **Corp. G. B. ALEXANDER** (U. N. B., '14).

FRONT ROW: Farrier-Sergeant E. S. DURLAND, Battery-Sergeant-Major H. H. PATCHELL, Capt. E. A. CHISHOLM, Major J. K. MACKAY, Lieutenant J. C. READ, Sergeant B. CAMERON, Sergeant M. F. McDONALD, **Sergt. N. D. CASS** (U. N. B., '16).

IN FRONT: Bdr. F. J. McGIBBON, (U. N. B., '16).

tions whereby to earn money to help them finish their studies. Few of them were the sons of the wealthy. They did not go to college because their parents thought it the right thing. They entered the walls of the University of New Brunswick in order that they might be the better fitted, by reason of the culture of a university training, to take their places in the higher walks of the national life. While a good many enlisted in the latter part of the summer of 1914, the large majority of the students in attendance waited until they came back to college in the later autumn. There, they met once more and talked with one another over the question as to where led the path of duty. Nor were they long in coming to a decision. In those days our way of raising an army was largely by means of the recruiting meeting — it was an incomparable army that was raised — but we all know, now, that the system was based on an unsound foundation. It was the worst kind of compulsion. The boy with a spirit responded; the boy with the slacker heart abode by the fireside, while the men who urged them to sign up and did not go themselves felt mean, no matter what their age. Let us consider, that these boys who enlisted were the farthest thing from militarists. Probably not one of them ever contemplated a military career. And none entered the college with the faintest idea that he would ever be called upon to lay down his life on the fields of a distant continent. And when they volunteered, it was with no particular thought of military glory. Life was not such a sad and miserable thing for them that they were pining to dispense with it. It was out of a strong sense of duty that they took in hand a task the most trying and galling to youths accustomed to personal freedom and independent action. True to the tradition of the college they again interpreted the thought of the age, and with ideal democratic simplicity took their places in the ranks of an army made up of the people of the land.

Supposing that these lads had held back, supposing they had argued that, inasmuch as the draft was the only fair and logical way to raise an army, they would wait till the country specifically called them. It would not have been an inconsistent view, for a body of students, used to weighing the pros and cons, to have taken. But had they so acted, while no blame could have been attached to them, how different would have been the record of the college! What an inconceivable loss would the Province as well as the University have sustained!

The greater number of those who enlisted are home or are coming home,— some wounded, some gassed, some otherwise invalided, all more or less aged. One does not go through such an experience and come back with renewed youth. The discomfort of the trenches, to say nothing of the constant peril to life and limb, would scarcely tend to add years to one's life. But it has added a very valuable experience, an experience of men and things not to be gained elsewhere or otherwise. They have seen the realities. They have found out the real values in life. They now know who are men and who are not men. And their experience will be of countless benefit to the Province. They will not be content that we shall continue to be as we have been. For them, to pass around and to instill into the minds of the people at large the true university spirit, aptly described by one of the great master minds of the day as, "intolerant of all the things that put the human mind under restraint. . . intolerant of everything that seeks to retard the advancement of ideals, the acceptance of truth, the purification of life."

And for those who have passed away,— those lads of the University of New Brunswick who "gave their merry youth away for country and for God," and shall not come back to take their place in the venerable college, hallowed by age and the memory of long-time-ago students who have passed into the great Beyond; nor ever return to renew old associations and friendships as one year's Encaenia follows another,— there are the thrice consecrated graves with the wooden crosses and the fervent "requiescant." Their bodies mingle with the soil of France, the motherland of chivalry and brave gentleness,—

France, beloved of every soul
That loves and serves his kind.

But their deeds will continue to influence and inspire so long as one stone of the old building shall stand upon another.

ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

WOMEN'S WORK.

By MRS. H. F. McLEOD, M.A.

THE men of Canada have won for themselves and for their country an imperishable name upon the fields of France and Flanders, as all the world acknowledges today. The women of Canada have done their part,— in France, in England, or at home,— more quietly perhaps, but none the less heroically, and have contributed in no small measure to make the Canadian army what it is today.

At the first call to arms in August, 1914, Sir Sam Hughes, then the head of our militia, laid upon the women of this country a very severe test of courage and patriotism. For in that first contingent of over 33,000 not one married man was accepted without the written consent of his wife. In those first days, when the world was hastily adjusting itself to the grim realities of war, our men were keyed up to a pitch of enthusiasm, which took no account of the danger and suffering to come. They were keen to get into the struggle, to do their share in the gigantic fight for right. To the women, who were staying at home, came the realization of the ghastly possibilities of war and its effects. And still the consent was given and our splendid first division sailed,— many, too many of its members going to death, to grievous wounds, to the horrors of German prison camps; but all to undying fame and glory. And the Spartan spirit, shown then by Canadian women, was typical of that shown all through the war. The burden so bravely taken up has been bravely and steadfastly borne ever since. Scarcely a woman in our land but has given up a son, a husband, or a sweetheart,— has sent him willingly and proudly, and taken up her burden of sorrow and separation with a strength and courage which have won the admiration of the world. From the woman of wealth and leisure, who has given her time and means to the carrying on of some important war work at home or abroad, to the poor woman on the little farm, who has assumed a double responsibility, and has still found time to knit and sew for the men at the front, our womanhood has stood shoulder to shoulder, high and low, rich and poor, united in a common cause. Never in the history of the world have women made such heroic,systematic, and well-directed efforts to further any cause, and never have their efforts been so well recognized and appreciated.

MRS. H. F. McLEOD, M.A.

The organized war work has been wonderfully effective. Too much cannot be said in praise of the work of the Daughters of Empire, the Canadian Red Cross, and the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, and of the devoted women who have organized and carried on this work. Many names stand out prominently in connection with the administration of the funds and comforts collected in Canada, but to the women who have collected the funds and made the comforts belongs an equal share of praise.

I. O. D. E.

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire is the premier organization of women for war work in Canada. Founded at the time of the Boer War, the outbreak of the great war in 1914, found the Order splendidly organized with over 400 Chapters scattered all over Canada. Within a few days of the entrance of England into the war, these Chapters had collected the sum of $282,000. Of this, one hundred thousand was handed over to the War Office and used to purchase forty motor ambulances, twenty for use in England and twenty for France. The remainder of the fund went to the Admiralty and was used for building hospital wards for nurses connected with the navy, one at Spithead and one at Chatham.

This was the first organized contribution made by Canadian women to the war. Since then the Order has grown to 700 Chapters with a membership of 45,000. Since the war started, the sum of over five million dollars has been raised, every dollar of which has been spent in war work of one kind or another. To give an idea of the scope of the work done by the Order, I copy from the last annual report the names of the following objects to which money was paid out by the National Chapter: Canadian Red Cross, Patriotic Fund, Polish Relief, Victoria

MRS. A. E. GOODERHAM,
President of the National Chapter,
Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire.

League, Canadian Speakers at Y. M. C. A. huts in camps in England, Secours National, Military Y. M. C. A., British Sailors' Relief, St. Dunstan's Home, Canadian Convalescent Home, Dependents of Canadian Prisoners of War Fund, Belgian Relief, Overseas Tobacco Fund, I. O. D. E. Hospital, London, British Red Cross, Belgian Children's Relief, Canadian Field Comforts Commission, Armenian Relief, British Mine Sweepers, Lord Roberts Memorial, Christmas Cheer for Hospitals, Maple Leaf Clubs. And these were only the monies which went through the National Chapter. Besides these, the Provincial and Primary Chapters contribute directly to numberless objects. Thousands of socks and other knitted comforts, pyjama suits, towels and other hospital supplies have gone from the central committees in each province to the Red Cross, the Field Comforts, to hospitals and battalions on the different fronts. The primary Chapters have contributed to the upkeep of hospitals, they have equipped wards, established convalescent homes, and soldiers' canteens, adopted and looked after prisoners of war; donated motor ambulances, flags and colours; sent out Christmas stockings and parcels of all kinds. Indeed there is no variety of war activity which has not been materially assisted by the Daughters of Empire.

A few of the outstanding undertakings of the Order are:

1. The I. O. D. E. Hospital, Hyde Park Place, London, maintained by the Order.

2. The I. O. D. E. annex to the Maple Leaf Club in London, where Canadian soldiers are accommodated with beds and meals, and where such well known Canadian women as Lady Perley, Lady Turner, Lady Beaverbrook, Mrs. Gorrie and Lady Donegal assist in various ways. The club is under the direction of Mrs. I. W. Watts, Vancouver.

3. The I. O. D. E. Club for Canadian nurses, London. This club is managed by Mrs. Danby Smith, a Canadian nurse, and Mrs. George McLaren Brown is the Honorable Secretary of the House Committee.

The Daughters of Empire have fed and cheered and entertained our soldiers on this side of the water. They have been the last to wish them God speed when they went, and the first to welcome them back returning. They have taken a leading part in Food Conservation. They worked nobly to send relief to stricken Halifax in December, 1917. They did their share in fighting the influenza epidemic, which ravaged our country last fall. In every emergency they are ready and eager to do their part. Now that the war is over, they are already preparing for the future, and have outlined a wide-reaching educational scheme for Canadianizing the foreigners now within our borders, and also the thousands who will be coming in the next few years.

While one feels that every Regent of every Chapter and every faithful worker deserves mention, to the Regent of the National Chapter, Mrs. Gooderham, to Mrs. Auden, the Secretary, and Mrs. John Bruce, the Treasurer, is due the great credit of guiding this great Order through its tremendous war activity.

CANADIAN RED CROSS.

No other society in Canada has done as much work in the war as the Canadian Red Cross. Its beneficent activities are too well known to need particular mention here. While it is not composed entirely of women, our Canadian women have done valiant service, and shared the work equally with the men. At the Canadian headquarters, in Toronto, Mrs. H. P. Plumptre has done splendid work as Corresponding Secretary, with Miss Helen Mowatt as her assistant. The mailing department is under the direction of Miss Gertrude Brock and Miss Gordon, and the emergency department under Miss Frances Campbell and Miss Wragge. The captains of packing departments are Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. King and Miss Gogin, all of Toronto. In New Brunswick Lady Tilley, of St. John, has devoted herself whole-heartedly to the work ever since the beginning of the war, and Lady Ashburnham, of Fredericton, has organized and carried on the Ashburnham Branch.

Lady Drummond, of Montreal, went to England early in the fall of 1914, and has since that time been working constantly for the benefit of the Canadian soldiers. She is the Assistant Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross in England, and the head of the Information Bureau, which has been of inestimable value to our men overseas and also to their relatives at home. The work of the Information Bureau is divided into four branches, each under the supervision of a Canadian woman.

1. Enquiry for wounded and missing men,— Miss Erica Bovey, Montreal.

2. Parcels for Canadian soldiers in hospitals,— Mrs. David Fraser, Glengarry.

3. Newspapers for hospitals and camps,—Mrs. Gibb Carsley.

4. Drives and entertainments for sick and wounded,— Miss Shillington and Miss Perry.

In the London headquarters of the Canadian Red Cross the staff of between two and three hundred are mostly women, and the greater number are voluntary workers. In addition there are more than 1200 official visitors, many of whom are Canadians, and they visit all hospitals where Canadians are being treated, and supply them with comfort, bodily and spiritual. A few of the many other Canadian women, who have done good service in the various branches of the Red Cross, besides those already mentioned, are: Miss Jean Bovey, Miss Alma Prentice, Montreal, now private secretary to the Chief Commissioner; Miss Stikeman and Mrs. Watts, in charge of the Canteen; Miss Hagerty, of Toronto; Miss Dinah Meredith, Miss Strathy, Mrs. Papineau, Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Galt, Miss Constance Scott. Lady Allen, of Montreal, is in charge of the officers' home at Sidmouth; Mrs. Johnston, of Lethbridge, in charge of packing for prisoners of war; Mrs. Chas. Hall, Montreal, Lady Superintendent of Canadian Red Cross Rest House for nurses at 66 Ennismore Gardens, London; Miss Winifred Lewis, of Ottawa, is Commandant of the Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Roehampton, the staff entirely Canadian, some V. A. D.'s and some trained nurses. At Boulogne the Red Cross has a rest house for nurses going to and from the hospitals in the war zone. Its commandant is Mrs. Gordon Brown, of Ottawa, and the staff consists of Canadian V. A. D.'s

C. F. C. C.

When the first contingent went to Valcartier in August, 1914, two young women of Toronto, Miss Mary Plummer and Miss Joan Arnoldi, went with supplies of comforts for the men, and so useful did they make themselves, that, when the Contingent sailed for England, they were given their commissions as Lieutenants, and given charge of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, which has carried on a wonderful work for the men abroad ever since. The Commission has its headquarters in Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe. Four other Lieutenants, Miss M. Means, Miss Mabel Finn, formerly of St. John, Miss Gordon and Miss Spenser, were commissioned in 1916. Under these six officers many Canadian women living in Folkestone and Hythe have worked faithfully in sending parcels to our men in France. Smokes, knitted comforts, food, reading matter, games, athletic goods — everything and anything needed or asked for by the men, have been sent through the Field Comforts Commission. On one occasion a chaplain at the front asked for a small portable organ. The request was unusual and unexpected. But such is the resource of the Commission, that it was forwarded within a few days.

DRAWING ROOM,
Canadian Home for Nurses, London.

Nursing Sisters.

Canada has good reason to be proud of her two thousand and more nursing sisters, who have gone to the different battle fronts to care for our sick and wounded, and has recognized their services by giving them the rank and pay of officers.

For the first time nurses have carried on their work under actual fire, in casualty clearing stations

and in field hospitals — the favorite target of our treacherous foes. Matron Edith Campbell and five other Canadian sisters have received the Military Medal for "gallantry and devotion to duty during an evening air raid," when these women proved themselves as calm and fearless as the most seasoned soldiers. Many of our nurses have been mentioned. Many have won the Royal Red Cross, and all have

NURSES' BEDROOM,
Canadian Home for Nurses, London.

shown professional skill and devotion to duty, which entitles them to a first place among the nurses of all the allied nations.

The memory of those who have lost their lives in field hospitals or in hospital ships, or who have died of illnesses contracted when on duty, shall be honored with that of our gallant men, fallen, like them, on the field of honor.

Lady Perley, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, and Mrs. George McLaren Brown, wife of the European Manager of the C. P. R., are the chairman and secretary of the Ladies' Committee of the Canadian War Contingent Association, formed in London in the first days of the war. They collect and distribute comforts to the men at the front, and are also responsible for the maintenance of the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, at Beechborough Park, near Folkestone.

Lady Perley is also Commandant of the Canadian Imperial Voluntary Aid Detachment, formed in February of last year, and has under her 150 members now working in all parts of the United Kingdom and in France. Besides these, some 300 V. A. D.'s have been sent over from Canada, at the request of the British Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance, and they are doing excellent work in France, at Salonica, and in the United Kingdom, some of which has been mentioned in other parts of this article. All of these girls give their services practically without pay, beyond their food, and most of them have given up lives of comfort and leisure for arduous and unrewarded toil in hospitals, rest houses and recreation huts.

Miss Helen FitzRandolph, of Fredericton, is the Lady Superintendent of the Beaver Hut on the Strand, London. She has under her 600 voluntary workers, among them Lady Beaverbrook, the Marchioness of Donegal, Lady Perley, Mrs. Alfred Cole, Mrs. Donald McMaster, of Montreal, Mrs. Dobell, Quebec, and many other well-known Canadian women.

Mrs. George Black, of Dawson City, is the administrator in England of the Yukon Comforts Fund, and she has been so sympathetic and faithful in looking after the Yukoners in hospitals in England that to many of them she is "Mother."

In the autumn of 1915 the Canadian women living in Folkestone, England, organized the Canadian Women's Club for war work. Mrs. MacDougall, wife of General MacDougall, being the first president. The Club is still carrying on its work, with Mrs. Nelles as president. Besides doing hospital visiting and assisting soldiers' wives and families, this club has built special huts and recreation rooms at Moore Barracks Hospital, and is responsible for the Maple Leaf Club, Folkestone.

This by no means exhausts the list of war activities of Canadian women. Many are driving ambulances, cars and lorries for the Army Service Corps. Miss Evelyn Gordon Brown, of Ottawa, who first drove a staff car, and then an ambulance, was the first Canadian to join the "Fannies" — otherwise the

PICKING SPHAGNUM MOSS.

First Aid Nursing Motor Ambulance Corps — in which unit she was awarded the Military Medal for "conspicuous bravery under fire." Other Canadians are now with the Fannies and with the "Waac's," many are driving ambulances for our Red Cross, working in canteens and in the Y. M. C. A.

While the Executive of the Canadian Red Cross Society consists mostly of men, the greater part of the work of its branches, numbering nearly one thousand, has been carried on by women. Ever since the war began women in every town, almost in every home, in Canada have been knitting and sewing and doing other work for the Red Cross. The results have been enormous. In one year 54,957 parcels were sent overseas besides those supplied to hospitals in Canada. In that same year over one and a half million dollars in money and three and a half million dollars worth of supplies were sent to and distributed by the head office.

One of the many branches of the work carried on in Canada by women has been the sorting and preparing of sphagnum moss. Since its medicinal properties were discovered large quantities have been collected in British Columbia and in the Maritime Provinces. That collected in the east has been sorted and packed in the Natural History Society's rooms in St. John and the British Columbia moss was shipped to Toronto to be prepared.

It has been impossible in an article of this kind to do more than mention the most outstanding figures among our patriotic Canadian women — those who have come most prominently before the public in connection with the war. They are worthy of all honor and gratitude for the consecration of their great gifts to so worthy a cause. But we must never forget that behind them there is an army of patient silent workers, who have also done their part. To the women in the small towns and villages of Canada, on the lonely farms and in out of the way corners, who have given up their scanty leisure to working for the men overseas, and who have sent them regularly those most prized of all things—cheery home letters — a great debt of gratitude is due, for they have done much to keep up the morale of the fighting men.

Hundreds of women, whose names have never been heard outside of their own limited circle, have proven themselves heroines worthy of all honor. A widow in a remote corner of New Brunswick had four sons, of whom the youngest, who was also the best educated and most progressive, volunteered early in the war, went to the front and was killed at the second battle of Ypres. A friend sought to console the mother with an expression of sympathy — "No," she said, "I do not grieve for him. He did his duty. I grieve that my other sons have not done theirs." Truly the "ancient spirit" is not dead. A poor woman, living not far from Fredericton, whose eldest son and chief support volunteered, wished to send something to help our wounded in hospitals overseas. So she took her feather bed, a prized possession, and made it up into pillows — ten of them — the covering for which was paid for with money she had laboriously saved to buy herself a pair of new boots. These pillows were sent overseas through the Daughters of the Empire. This may seem to be a homely and commonplace illustration, but the spirit shown by this cheerful giver was neither the one nor the other. One dear old Fredericton lady, now gone to her reward, Mrs. George Kitchen, knit with her own hands three hundred pairs of socks, besides mittens and scarves for the soldiers; and another, Mrs. Barker, has knit over four hundred and fifty, and is still knitting. These are only instances of what thousands of our women have done and sacrificed since the beginning of the war.

And now that the war is over, women's work is to be more far-reaching and important than ever. Women, who have been so long organized for war

German Prisoners bringing in Wounded Canadian.

work, who have taken men's places in factories and offices, who have studied politics and watched the trend of public events as never before, have gained a wider outlook and are prepared for more serious thought and work than had fallen to their lot before the war. From the baptism of sorrow and self-sacrifice has arisen a nobler womanhood, prepared to do its part in the great task of reconstruction and readjustment, which must be carried out before our country can achieve the splendid destiny marked out for her by those who love her well.

The Guns of Sanctuary Wood.

Retold from Sapper Hood's Story of June 2, 1916.

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS,
Late H. Q. 1st Canadian Division, B. E. F.

SAPPER JAMES G. HOOD, of the Canadian Engineers, and his friend, Private Arnold Chambers, of the 8th Canadian Battalion, were in charge of an emergency wireless station in Sanctuary Wood when the Germans made their most recent and violent effort to wipe out the Ypres salient and its defenders.

Both these men had been wireless operators in civil life. Hood was a citizen of the United States, having been born in Lowell, Massachusetts, about forty years ago; but he is a Canadian now by love and military service and the sacrifice of his blood. For a time he sailed the seas as wireless operator and purser of a boat of the Elder-Dempster line. His duties took him up and down the coast of old Malabar, and into many steaming ports, but he left that life of tropical adventure a few years ago and settled down in Melville, Saskatchewan, where he found employment as the manager of an hotel. This occupation held him until Canada heard the call to the battlefields of Europe.

CAPTAIN T. G. ROBERTS.

The morning of June 2 came bright and fine to the Ypres salient. In Sanctuary Wood, within a few yards of Sapper Hood's emergency wireless station, Lieutenant Charles P. Cotton, Canadian Field Artillery, had two eighteen-pounders established in gun pits and laid across the front of Armagh Wood, on Observatory Ridge, and a point in the German trenches four hundred yards away. These pieces were what is known as "sacrifice guns." They were to be used only in case of emergency, and then at point-blank range, and, should the emergency arise, it was expected that the guns would be sacrificed.

Suddenly the calm brightness of the summer morning was shaken by the thunder of guns, pierced by the screaming flight of shells and shattered by crashing explosions. The bombardment fell upon the whole curved front of the salient like a flood that had suddenly burst its barriers. Groves were broken, pruned, and uprooted by the hurricane of hate. Behind the battered and convulsed front-line trenches was set a wall of high-explosive shell-fire topped by a curtain of shrapnel. Hood and Chambers visited the fire-trenches several times, asking the infantry for messages to transmit to Headquarters.

The storm fell heavily on Sanctuary Wood. Sapper Hood's aerials were carried away five times during the early hours of the bombardment and five times replaced. Lieutenant Cotton's gun-crews suffered, but the guns remained silent, waiting for the critical moment. At last Cotton ordered Hood and Chambers to leave their station and join his command. With these reinforcements there were now three men to each of the two guns, including the officer.

At a quarter to two in the afternoon, Lieutenant Cotton opened on the unseen trenches of the enemy beyond Observatory Ridge, judging that the hostile infantry were assembling there for an attack. His guns had fired about twenty rounds when small parties of our own infantry began to fall back on Sanctuary Wood. He sent Hood up immediately for information. Hood did not encounter any officer, but heard from several men that the retirement had been ordered. He returned to Lieutenant Cotton safely, and the guns continued to fire.

German infantry appeared suddenly over the

ridge in force. The sacrifice guns kept up their desperate fire until the Germans were within forty yards. Then Lieutenant Cotton gave the order to his men to save themselves. Hood darted into his wireless dugout, seized the instrument by its leather sling and smashed it on the floor. He then slipped out and hid in tall grass behind the dugout. Leaving this cover after a few minutes, he crawled out of and away from the torn, Hun-infested wood. He had not gone far before a bullet went through the bone of his left arm. Again he took cover; and this time he lay still, nursing his wounded arm, until past ten o'clock.

The night was lit by flares and gashed by the red of bursting shells and bombs. Machine-guns quartered the ground.

Again Hood began to crawl towards safety. He could not go on all fours, as he had to use his right hand to hold his shattered left arm to his side. He hitched himself along on his knees. At two in the morning he reached Maple Copse — the sole survivor of the crews of the sacrifice guns.

VILLAGE OF FARBUS, NEAR VIMY RIDGE.

'Tis Well.

By C. E. POPPLESTONE.

They are not dead. 'Tis true they're gone
Beyond those portals from whose bourne
None can return. We should not mourn:
A crown of glory they have won
Mid battle roar and shot and shell.
The ancient halls upon the hill
No more resound their voices shrill
With mirth and laughter. Yet, 'tis well.
When duty called, 'twas not in vain,
E'en though war's clarion was their knell;
For freedom's cause they fought and fell.
Count it not loss. Theirs is the gain.

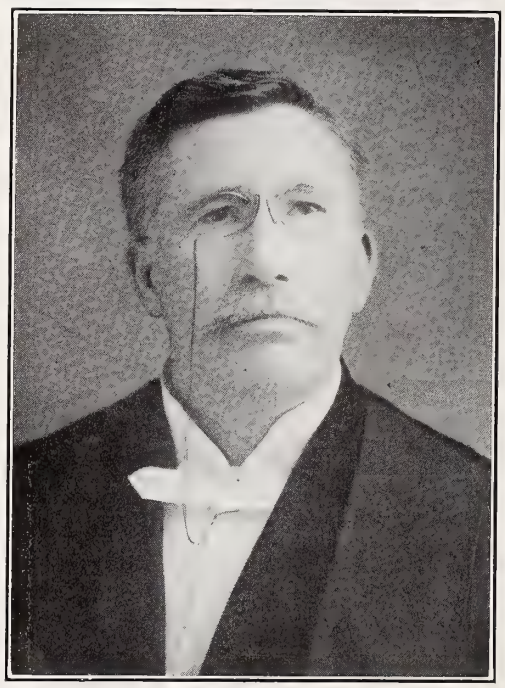
Though hearts may yearn for those we love,
Let us not mourn. Let us rejoice,
And raise our song with gladsome voice
Of thanks and praise to Him above,
Who took our dear ones to their rest,
To reap their due reward in heaven.
All faults atoned, all sins forgiven,
With honor crowned, with glory blest.
Sing forth their deeds from shore to shore;
Emblazon them in words of gold.
To generations be it told —
"Their memory liveth evermore."

University of New Brunswick Memorial.

By His Honor Mr. Justice J. H. BARRY, K.C., LL.D.

There is no death! An angel form
  Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
  And then we call them "dead."
  * * * * * *
And ever near us, though unseen,
  The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
  Is life — there are no dead. —Owen Meredith.

IT has been said that the year 1914 will stand out as the great dividing year of history. It is a year of endings and beginnings. We left an age behind us, and entered upon an age in which the old theories and the old ideals will, for the most part, have to be abandoned or reconstructed. States, churches, industry, national and international relationships, ethics, literature and art will forever be different because of 1914. But we have faith to believe that now that the shadows of the war tragedy have lifted, the world will breathe a freer and a purer air, and live under a clearer sky and in a more genial sunshine.



His Honor Mr. Justice J. H. Barry, K.C., LL.D.

When on the fateful third of August, Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons at Westminster, in a masterly and historic speech, marked by moderation and reserve, laid before the House and before the world, all the data available for a decision, and invited the judgment of mankind upon the righteousness of Great Britain's determination to enter the war, every one realized that we were entering the most momentous struggle of all time. When the same statesman, speaking in his capacity of Foreign Secretary and by the authority of a mighty empire, told Germany that if she wanted war, she should have it in full measure, the wheels of the ordinary affairs of life stopped, and from thenceforth everything had to be viewed from an entirely new perspective and measured by a different standard. The war had to be won. Nothing else mattered. The British Government knew what it was facing; it knew that defeat would mean the fall of the British Empire and the loss of British liberties; it knew that it was engaging in a struggle to the death, and that to finish such an adversary, it was not sufficient to half conquer him — it was necessary to crush him utterly.

The word was spoken and one clear authoritative call sufficed to make an end of all our differences and divisions and unite in one solid phalanx British subjects everywhere, to meet the onrush of the common adversary. Then was witnessed the spectacle of the white man, the brown man, and the black; English, Scottish, Irish, French, Dutch, Indian, Malay, Maori, Bantu, Negro, all the subjects of the King, coming forward from the four quarters of the globe and eagerly proffering service. Braced to meet the greatest crisis of the national existence, we knew no longer Liberal, Conservative or Socialist; Anglican, Baptist, Catholic, Presbyterian or Wesleyan; Mahommedan or Hindu. We kept our faith and our principles it is true, but we brought them all as a first-fruit offering to the altar of the common cause.

Seventy-three days after the declaration of war, 35,000 Canadian soldiers landed in England, an event that was hailed by the press of Great Britain as the most wonderful that had happened in the annals of her history since the days of King Alfred the Great. The cubs of the lion were coming home from afar to stand by the old mother in her hour of need.

It is not the purpose of this short article to treat of the part played by Canada in the war, or to speak, except in the most general way, of the sons of the University who participated in it, or of those of them who are sleeping their last sleep in Flanders' fields. Those matters, as well as the details of the memorial which it is proposed to erect to their memories, are, I believe, to be dealt with by other pens on other pages of this magazine.

In May, 1914, a movement had been inaugurated by the friends of the University to secure funds for the erection of a building to contain chemical and physical laboratories and some other necessary features. With a generous spontaneity and a determination that augured well for success, the Senate, the Faculty, the Associated Alumni, the

Alumnae Society, the Students' Association, and other friends, all united to carry out the project. Considerable progress was made in the way of organization and publicity, and in a very short time $6,500 was subscribed and partly paid. From another source, $14,000 more was available. But with the declaration of war the committees ceased work. It was felt that with Canada at war it would be an idle hope to expect that, until the war was won, friends of the college could be relied on to divert even a small portion of their means towards what might be regarded as a non-essential use. All our energies, moral, mental, financial and economic must be directed to the winning of the war; and though every one hoped for a triumphant outcome, no one could foresee what the end would be.

That was four and a half years ago. Now that the war has been won, and a council of the nations has assembled at Versailles formulating the terms to be imposed upon a beaten and humiliated tyranny, it is proposed to turn to account the work already done, abandon the old project, and instead of the building formerly in view, erect a suitable building, embodying the features of the old, but embracing also something new, as a memorial to the gallant sons of the college, the living as well as the dead, who risked their all, gave up everything, and at the Empire's call threw the weight of their trained intelligence and the strength of their splendid young manhood into the maelstrom of the European war. It is but fitting that we should do this; for those devoted patriots crossed the ocean to fight for the cause of righteousness and against the savage military organism which has been aptly characterized as "the thing which all free civilization has learned to loathe like a vampire; the conscienceless, ruthless, godless might of a self-centered militarism to which honour is a word, chivalry is a weakness, and bullying aggression the breath of life."

A spring evening of 1915 is well remembered by the writer, when he stood in his door and watched, as they marched down one of the streets of Fredericton, to entrain at the Intercolonial Railway station, the 23rd and 24th Batteries of Canadian Field Artillery; and this is but one instance of the many similar incidents that were taking place in every considerable centre of population of the Province, and indeed of the whole Dominion. The nuclei of the batteries had been mobilized in Nova Scotia and sent to Fredericton to enlist their full strength. They took from Fredericton — I am not sure of the exact number, but — from seventy-five to a hundred of the graduates and undergraduates of the college, bank clerks, high school students, clerks, artizans and mechanics, the pride and flower of the city's young manhood; boys who had been reared, all of them in good, and many of them in affluent homes, and few of whom, perhaps, had ever slept out of a comfortable bed in their lives. As the two batteries, over three hundred strong, marched by to the strains of martial music, strong men not over-much given to sentimentality, were not ashamed to be seen with the tears starting from their eyes. You ask why? Because they knew full well that many of these brave young souls were marching forth to die. Many of them will never come back, but though their brave dust lies beneath the foreign soil of France and Flanders, we deny the thoughtless speech that calls them dead. God reigns and his purpose lives, and though the brave lips of those dauntless boys are forever sealed, and though we may sigh

". . . for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is stilled,"

the seeds of their supreme sacrifice will "spring up and bring forth patriots through the years to come who shall perpetuate their spirit in a race of noble men."

To perpetuate their memories and keep alive the holy spirit of self-sacrifice which was exemplified in their lives and death, let us build upon this college hill a monument commensurate with the greatness of their services and as lasting as the principles for which they died. Let us erect a memorial to those sentinels on the hill-tops of eternity who, in the language of a contemporary writer, "have won the right to stand by the beacon fires of hope and sacrifice which light up the destinies of mankind." In no more appropriate way could this old University honor the memories of her departed hero-sons.

"Here may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well."

"AT REST."

U. N. B. Financial Campaign
for Memorial Building
to include Convocation Hall and Laboratories.

Historical Summary.

The Foundation of the University dates back to 1800, in which year the College of New Brunswick was incorporated by Provincial charter, and certain lands were set apart for its endowment. The income proved insufficient for the adequate support of the College. A President was not appointed until 1820. The first degrees were conferred in 1828.

In 1829 a Royal Charter was granted and the name changed to King's College, Fredericton. The institution was more liberally endowed, receiving from the public funds of the Province an annual grant amounting to two thousand pounds. These changes were brought about largely through the influence of Sir Howard Douglas, the Governor of the Province.

In 1860 the Institution was re-organized on a non-sectarian basis as the Provincial University, and was denominated the University of New Brunswick. Its revenue and endowment remained the same as the former King's College.

Progress.

Since the establishment of the University of New Brunswick the staff has gradually increased from four to eleven. The student attendance increased from thirty-two in 1861-62 to one hundred and sixty-five in the year immediately preceding the war. The grant from the Province has been raised to the annual sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars. Several new courses in Applied Science have been established and placed on a successful footing. Energetic Alumni and Alumnae Societies have been organized.

Present Status.

The University has not ceased to emphasize the standard courses in Arts and Science. In the Arts Department instruction is given in the following subjects: Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, English, History, Philosophy, Economics, Chemistry, Botany, Physics, Zoology, Anatomy, Mineralogy and Geology. In the Applied Science Department complete Four Year Courses are offered in Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering, and Forestry. The success of our graduates furnishes abundant evidence that these courses are meeting the requirements of the country. Laboratory instruction is given in Mineralogy, Zoology, Botany, Forestry, Physics, Chemistry, Electrical Engineering, Steel and Cement Testing. There is a well equipped

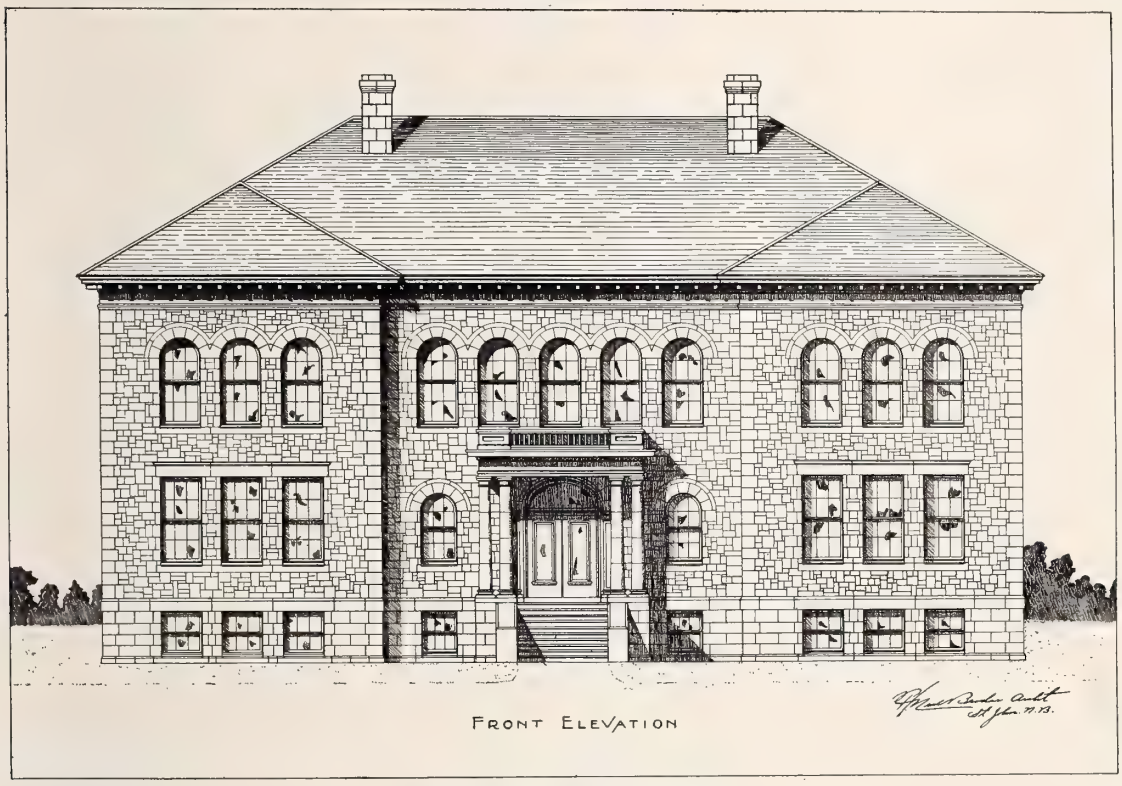
UNIVERSITY MAIN BUILDING.

Machine Shop. During the summer a Field Camp in Civil Engineering is held for three weeks to supplement the practical instruction in Engineering throughout the year. A tract of six square miles of partly timbered land is owned by the University, and is used for practical instruction in Forestry.

An opportunity is also afforded Arts students to qualify for entrance upon the second year in Law or Medicine.

Buildings.

The Main Building of the University was erected in 1828. It is a splendid old stone structure situated on the slope of the hill back of the City of Fredericton. In it are housed all the departments of study comprised in the Arts Course except Chemistry and Physics. The Department of Forestry is also conveniently housed in this building. It also contains the Library and the Natural History Museum.



PROPOSED NEW BUILDING.

The corner stone of the Engineering Building was laid during the Centennial Celebration in 1900. The building contains Lecture Rooms, Draughting Room, Machine Shop, Steel Testing Laboratory, Cement Testing Laboratory, Dynamo Room and Instrument Room. It also contains the Lecture Rooms and Laboratories of the Department of Physics and Chemistry.

The Present Movement.

In 1914, before the outbreak of the war, a plan was under consideration, looking toward the erection of a Laboratory Building for Physics and Chemistry. The rooms at present occupied by these departments in the Engineering Building were to be given up to provide for necessary extensions in the Engineering Work. More adequate accommodation was to be provided in a new building.

During the war about 300 graduates and undergraduates enlisted for military service. Thirty-three made the supreme sacrifice. Thirty-two received military decorations. The war record of the University has constituted a glorious chapter in its history. It is felt that the Alumni and friends of the Institution should at once in a worthy way honor those who have taken part in the war and especially provide a permanent memorial to those who have given their lives in the great struggle.

It is suggested that the proposed memorial should take the form of a Memorial Building, which would all the more effectively serve to honor the memory of the students of the past in that it would also serve to prepare students of the future for better service in their life's work.

So it is proposed to press the movement for a new building to comprise a Convocation Hall of an essentially memorial character and at the same time provide the much needed accommodation for Physics and Chemistry.

An Appeal.

The new Memorial Building is estimated to cost $75,000. There is already in the possession of the Senate a sum in excess of $10,000 derived from the legacy of the late Miss Frances Fisher, of Fredericton. This amount will be devoted to the new building. The friends and graduates of the University are asked to furnish the balance of $65,000.

It may be said that the University has always stood for progress along educational lines. It was the first institution of the Maritime Provinces to

undertake courses in Civil Engineering and to erect a modern Engineering Building. It was among the first of the Canadian Universities to establish a course in Forestry. This has been accomplished by local effort in spite of the limited financial resources of the graduates and of the Province. In the present movement outside assistance will be appreciated.

In view of the value of such an Institution as the University to the Province of New Brunswick, and in view of the unquestioned loyalty of the Alumni to their Alma Mater, the result of this appeal is awaited with confidence.

Engineering Building.

The Land of the Free.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

FREE men were we, free sons of Canada,
Taking our freedom as we drew our breath
For granted — as we took our fathers' names —
Thinking it safe as God, secure as Death.

Great was our heritage in life and land,
The right to toil, the right to take our ease
Were ours, the offspring of the fearless few —
Of sires with clear eyes and unbending knees.

Free men were we, to dream and bring dreams true,
Or fret, with little cares,— inglorious days:
To scheme for riches, bring our harvests home,
Tarry beside our hearths or go our ways.

Plenty and peace and safety, all were ours.
Freedom was ours of hand and brain and heart.
Honour we had, and time for love and pride,
And zest for toil in every teeming mart.

Free men were we, free sons of Canada,
Full-fed, safe-housed, self-centred, we forgot
Old stories of old wars our fathers fought
That we should know this freedom for our lot.

* * * * * * *

Free men are we today — we who yet live
For Canada, and we who died, that She
(Pledged to the best) might pay in ready blood
The cruel price demanded of the free.

The blood is paid! — Today, before Messines,
The trenches fill unheeded, gnawed by rain;
And all about the Salient crumble down
The parapets we did not build in vain.

The dull, far thud, the whining flight, the crash —
These sound no more from Lens. Bayonet and bomb
Rust and decay. Lost and forgotten tanks
Sink where they fought along the dreary Somme.

The tumult and the valor are no more.
No more the shrapnel flails its leaden hail
On Vimy. Heavy footed and secure,
Dull peasants tramp the wastes of Passchendaele.
Ours is the Peace, and ours the price to pay.
The price in blood is paid. The price in tears?
(God pity those tired eyes that still must pay
While stricken hearts survive the empty years.)

And still the debt of honor to our own —
For our own souls' salvation — is to pay
Humbly and lovingly, lest we forget
The Men who broke the Tyrant yesterday.

FROM THE LADIES' READING ROOM.

1914—1919

BY MISS E. B. HUNTER, B.A.

SINCE the beginning of the war the women students of the University have had a (so-called) "Red Cross" Society. This was the natural outcome of the University of New Brunswick spirit. Its founder and first president was Miss Margaret Louise Neales, of the Class of 1915. To her the women students look back in grateful remembrance of the way she showed them the path of patriotic service. Although the light of her presence was withdrawn from earth by death in February, 1915, yet the "little candle" of service, lighted by her in the Ladies' Reading Room, still burns clear, and has thrown its beams farther than she dared to hope.

MISS MARGARET LOUISE NEALES
First President University of New Brunswick Red Cross Society. Obit, February, 1915.

It was a strange coincidence that on the very day that the "Battery boys" left Fredericton, news came of her death. It was a day filled already with the unrest of parting. But to those who left the University and to those who stayed, the common loss of a cherished friend marked more keenly the parting of the ways.

When we think of the many to whom such good-byes were but the beginning of the end, our hearts are full; and even when pondering on the "mansions incorruptible," like the Laureate beloved, the human cry outbreaks —

"Would they could have stayed with us!"

"How little we can do in comparison with what we wish to do!" This was the feeling of womenkind during the war. Yet at the same time women workers have felt a comforting realization that their most petty tasks — the knitting of socks, the packing of boxes, the earning of give-away money, the making of fudge and cookies and cakes — so humdrum in themselves, have become transmuted by the needs of the occasion into golden opportunities.

The November, 1915, Banquet in the Ladies' Reading Room has become a bit of the University of New Brunswick history. With a reminiscent smile, and yet with a tightening of our heart-strings because of "the difference and the loss," the picture comes to mind.

The banquet was given by the lady students for the University of New Brunswick boys (and some of their friends) of Batteries 23 and 24. Among the twenty-five guests were four of the Class of 1915 — Jack Hipwell, James Ketchum, Thomas Gorman and Mac. Fraser, now all gone from earth. And there, too, was the first President of the University of New Brunswick "Red Cross," their classmate, the presiding spirit of the affair.

"I can see her as if it were yesterday. As she stood in the doorway with those khaki scarves piled up on her arm, she was the impersonation of joyous life. And then in a second, as the light haloed the gold of her hair, and we caught the radiancy in her eyes, she seemed for the moment to bespeak her kinship to that other world — so soon to be her home."

It was with merriment that the feast went on. The Chancellor sat at the head of the table, Mrs.

Jones presided over the cups, and the College girls served.

RED CROSS WORKERS.

Who will ever forget that wondrous cake bedecked in college colors, and the jelly likewise; and the interchange of wit over the "housewives" given as place cards? Then when the scarves were presented with a cheery word by the happy hostess, the jokes were endless. Who was it who feared the "purls" might break and scratch his manly neck; and who vowed that there were no "plain" stitches in his scarf, that they were all beautiful like the donors?

And "Mike's" scarf — that was unforgettable. She to whom differential calculus and analytics were as child's play could never keep count of stitches. They varied inversely as her zeal. Geometrical progression forsook those fifty stitches. They were at sixes and sevens, never by chance did they see fifty again.

To Miss Helen Bliss, as Vice-President, fell the honor of carrying on the work planned by her friend, Miss Neales, until the close of the term.

Another picture comes to mind — that sale in the York Street Y. M. C. A. in 1916. Miss Gladys Gregory was President then. "If we can help the war by dressing dolls, let us do it." That was the slogan. Valiantly the dolls were dressed—baby dolls, sailor boys, goo-goo eyed lassies, kewpies, and the fascinating Tommy Atkins "arm b' arm" with his Red Cross nurse. Then, too, clever fingers had evolved dainty doilies, aprons, college banners and "cut-outs" of "men" in college colors, and so on. From these, and from the high tea, the fudge, and the grab-bag, came dollars — dollars to help along Red Cross and Soldier Comfort work.

It was in that winter, 1916, that the Alumnae Society organized for war-work and invited the lady students to "join up." The Alumnae were hostesses, and altogether the verdant freshettes and the staid graduate matrons met on the common ground of trench towels and socks. Mrs. Steeves was President of the Alumnae that year, and to many did she expound the gentle art of heel-turning and toeing-off.

Socks and more socks were knitted during the term of 1917-'18, under the efficient leadership of Miss Minnie Miller. The Society also kept up its former traditions regarding Christmas boxes and money raising. Again there was a fine spirit of co-operation between the college girls and the Alumnae. Again the pleasant Saturday evening meetings. Again trench towels to a phenomenal number were hemmed, and socks *ad lib.* were evolved. Again the readings, and the college songs, with always the parting thrill of "God Save the King" in our hearts.

Owing to the prevalence of influenza during the armistice winter of 1918, concerted action in the work was impossible. But under Miss Frances Van Wart's organization, the work is being resumed. Twenty cushions in the Convalescent Hospital express the kindly thought of twenty college girls; and a "comfy" chair for the Sun Parlour was purchased with twenty sums of talent money.

Here a little and there a little, sometimes with skilled, and sometimes with bungling hands, the work has been done.

RED CROSS WORKERS.

Necessarily, with such varying combinations of workers, materials, and ideas, the intermixture is sometimes rough in texture, dull in colour, or threadbare in spots. But, woven on the uniform woof of a wish to be of service, to the seeing eye the faulty result is redeemed and made beautiful by glimpses of that wishful woof, and by "that certain golden thread of hope and love" which has consistently run through the dark fabric.

THE ATTACK AT GIVENCHY
JUNE 15, 1915.

By Lieutenant BURDETTE W. HARMON, M.C., D.C.M., Order of St. George.

[We have pleasure in publishing the thrilling experiences of one of the most talented graduates of the University of New Brunswick. The following narrative is a portion of a personal letter sent by the late Lieutenant (at that time Corporal) Burdette W. Harmon to his former instructor and intimate friend, Dr. W. C. Kierstead, Professor of Philosophy and Economics at this University. Such a graphic description of the attack at Givenchy in the early days of the war could not fail to interest the people of this province in the adventures of one of New Brunswick's most brilliant sons, and therefore Dr. Kierstead brought the letter to the notice of the editor of the Fredericton "Gleaner," from which publication it was copied by many newspapers in Canada, United States and England. It was also republished in "Thrilling Stories in the Great War," and "Earl Kitchener and the Great War." At this attack at Givenchy, June 15, 1915, Corporal Harmon was wounded in eight places, and it was while recovering from his injuries that he wrote this letter to his esteemed professor. The epistle was sent not only as an interesting description of an exciting engagement, but was also intended to be an urgent call to Canada's manhood to come over and help. To the undying glory of Canada's sons the world now knows that this appeal was not made in vain.

Previous to this date Corporal Harmon had achieved honorable recognition on more than one occasion. His brilliant exploits at the Orchard are vividly narrated in "Canada in Flanders" (page 117). As will be seen in the biographical sketch published in the Honor Roll of this magazine, his untiring patriotism and heroic self-sacrifice did not pass without official recognition.

Burdette Harmon was wounded several times but repeatedly returned to the battle front, until finally, still fighting bravely for the cause of liberty and truth, he made the supreme sacrifice and passed to his reward.

The example of Burdette Harmon is beautifully expressed in the following words taken from the memorial address delivered by Dr. W. C. Kierstead in the home church of the departed hero: "So long as the records of our nation are a heritage of other generations, the name of Burdette Harmon will live to inspire and ennoble Canadian sons and daughters. He has cast off mortality to be clothed in immortality."— EDITOR.]

WE knew for several days before June 15, that an attack was imminent. The bombardments, while largely sporadic, had been very destructive, because we had some very heavy howitzers hammering away at the enemy's trenches. This was a very clever trick, and the boys who took part in it deserve credit.

Seven of us were told off to report to Colonel Hill of the First Battalion. He talked to us for over an hour and explained by maps the plan of attack. There were to be five bombing parties, one sapper to be attached to each party. The two remaining were to look for leads and cut them. At two o'clock in the afternoon we fell in with our respective platoons, and marched towards the "Duke's Hill."

We had to run in and out for a mile and a half, in what was exactly like a deep sewer ditch. At 4.30 p.m. we were in the front trench, and prepared to rest until six—the mine was to go up at six. At 5.30 the artillery lieutenant in charge of the field gun told us to pull away the sand bag barrier that hid his gun from the Germans. We expected a fusillade of shot, as we exposed ourselves in the gradually increased opening. We were agreeably surprised. The move drew a very slight addition of rifle fire. The gun began to speak. We were right under the muzzle. What a noise! It was surely earsplitting. I stood and watched the gunner. Without hat, shirt only and sleeves rolled up, he flung those shells into the breech with marvelous skill. Crouched on bended knees, with sweat rolling down his face, he looked to me like a warrior king of old. He truly was a hero. He fired twenty shots, and was then blown to pieces by a shell that exploded backwards when he opened the breech. Our grim giant, of which

LIEUTENANT BURDETTE W. HARMON, M.C., D.C.M., Order of St. George.

we were proud, was stark and cold. It was depressing to be deprived of such encouragement at such a time. Some score of German crack shots and machine guns were hidden within one hundred and fifty feet.

Lieutenant James spoke calmly, "Boys, in a minute the mine goes up." I climbed on the firing platform to be ready for a quick spring up the three-step ladder. I called Corporal Talbot, in charge of the bombing infantry, to come up near me, in order that the men might better follow, having his familiar figure as a guide.

And now the explosion! Can you imagine it? Three thousand pounds of an explosive, as powerful as nitro-glycerine. Lumps of earth as big as barrels went hundreds of feet in the air. I watched it with childish curiosity. The sun a crimson red was setting. The rays glistened in the falling curtain and lit it up so that it looked like many rainbows. Now the Angel of Death began to reap. A large lump beat the man behind me to his knees. Lieutenant James fell, killed.

Our trench was rocked and buried, and some scores of our men were killed or wounded. The rainbow had no longer any interest. I bent my head and each moment expected to have my brains knocked out. At last the sky ceased to rain lumps of earth. We leaped from the parapet. I noticed that Talbot was beside me, and we rushed forward. Quick as we were, others were quicker. The short space between the trenches was already filled with charging Canadians. A few fell, as we rushed forward. I stopped for a second beside the yawning crater and tried to estimate its extent. I conjectured it was sixty feet deep, and two hundred feet across. I ran on, and the first German I ran across was a little fellow, about twenty, with his leg shattered. He was on the edge of the crater, high up on the mound. Horror and fear were painted on his face. With a broken leg he could not move, and he piteously moved his hand to surrender. I thought of all the vows I had sworn, and I knelt to shoot him. Thank God, I did not do it, but ran on.

The next sight almost made me laugh. About twenty hands seemed to move from the earth. They did not have time to run down their trench and they waited for our rush with hands up. We stopped to shoot a few who were running through the grass toward their second line. Talbot and I did not bother with the prisoners. Our job was to bomb down the front line trench as far as possible.

We ran down the trench about fifty yards, and came across a group of about six infantry with another engineer named Boyle. Boyle was boss, and he told us that the lieutenant had told them to stay there. Some of us were chagrined. Our orders were to go down the trench to "hell." Colonel Hill's orders were surely more reliable than the commands of a lieutenant. A big splendid-looking sergeant said, "Come on! Who will follow me?" I ran after him, followed by the bunch, Boyle included — he did not lack spunk. He thought the word of a lieutenant was a command from God. We ran down the trench for about one hundred yards.

We came across two huge cables about one inch in diameter made of many small wires and the whole insulated. Boyle asked me how we were to cut these; my clippers were no good. I told him to get a shovel and put it under the cable. We hammered with another shovel until the cable was almost cut. He went ahead with that job and the sergeant, aided by myself and others, started to build a barricade. By the time the barricade was built, Boyle had the cable about cut, and I asked him to go back for reinforcements. He started back, and in a few minutes about ten men came along. We climbed over our barricade and advanced. We must have

PETIT VIMY.

gone over one hundred yards, when I noticed that the sergeant and myself were alone. He was ahead, and one would think he was hunting deer.

We passed dead and dying Germans, but did not stop to look in the dugouts. It is risky to pass such places, but we thought them empty and chanced it. The sergeant stopped and seized me by the shoulder, "Do you see them opposite?" he said. The trench was built like a snake fence, and they were in the opposite angle.

I saw several heads and one fellow out of the trench. The sergeant and I started to shoot, shoulder to shoulder. He fired about twenty rounds when I felt a pull and heard a thud. I turned my eyes and saw the sergeant bent forward on his rifle, with his head blown off just above the eyes. Blood and brains rolled down his face and his rifle was stained a bright scarlet from the stock to the muzzle. In a glance I saw that he was dead.

I was alone and down the German trench. It did not take me long to decide what to do. I "beat" it back over dead Germans and around corners further than any Germans would dare come, until I met three or four fellows behind our barricade. We waited to see what would happen. In a few minutes about ten men came along. They said, "Come on, boys, we have orders to advance." I started ahead with the leader. By the time we had reached the dead body of the sergeant, German shrapnel and snipers had thinned the bunch to four.

I told the fellow with me how the sergeant died. He lifted his face from the butt of his rifle, and laid him tenderly in the bottom of the trench. He cut his wire clippers from his neck and handed them to me. The three of us then started to build a barricade, As we worked, two awful explosions seemed to lift us off our feet. I mentally figured that shrapnel could not forever continue to fall at that particular spot. A second report almost split my ear drums. My rifle was torn from my hand, and I felt a sharp pain in my right hand and side. Someone shouted, "They are bombing us." That was warning enough.

We had no bombs and were as helpless as children. We ran back along the trench, and came, at last, to where our infantry formed a continuous line. What an encouragement! I stopped to rest,— nearly reeling with exhaustion. The strain had been great and the bomb had hit me in eight places — many, though, merely scratches. I felt that I had a right to have a rest. I asked the fellows if it would discourage them if I retired. I said that I was wounded and exhausted. They told me to go back. So I retired a few yards down the trench and crawled into a dugout.

I dwell on this point because my conscience troubles me. I should not have left those fellows — as a matter of life or death. I could have used my rifle with a measure — though small I admit — of efficiency. I am minutely truthful in this letter, and I wish to point out to anyone who finds anything praiseworthy in my conduct, that, when I retired to that dugout, while yet able to hold a rifle, I nullified any credit due to me. In the dugout were two wounded — I must be honest with all — not any worse off than I was.

RUINS OF CHURCH, WILLERVAL.

Soon the order came to retire. How hard it was to leave our wounded Canadians in the trench! Probably the Germans bayoneted them, as their bombing party made headway. Our bombs were exhausted. The seventh division had not gained ground on the left and we were being caught on three sides. Hence the order to retire.

Now I am at the Duchess of Connaught hospital. I am fully recovered, and mean to get back to France, although it may be eight weeks yet. You may give this letter the publicity which in your judgment is proper.

In the attack the First Battalion lost 600 men out of 750. The figures are but ciphers to you, but they seem to me to personify scores of battle-torn Canadians. On land and sea fate never offers to men a more bitter chalice than that offered to the lips of a helpless comrade as he sees his friends pass him, and hears the steady advance of the cracking bombs, and already in anticipation feels the saw-toothed bayonet plunged between his ribs.

The sun was red and just sinking in the west. Who in Canada does not hear them calling, yes, calling, calling and moaning for help — ENLIST?

WAR IN THE AIR.

BY LIEUTENANT WELDON CARTER.

ASIDE from the permanent defeat of Prussian militarism the greatest gift of war to peace is aviation. Only a few years ago we read with a thrill of the first flight across the English Channel — a distance of about twenty-five miles; today we read of a flight of 1200 miles without stop by a British dirigible, and I have very little doubt that a trans-atlantic flight will have been successfully attempted within the next three months. Such progress could not possibly have been made without the stimulus of the war,— and such progress in the war could not have been made without the assistance of the Air Force. Aeroplanes are the eyes of the navy and the army, and without these eyes both services are placed at a serious disadvantage. This has been proved more than once when the Hun has had supremacy of the air. So well did the Americans realize this that "Through the air to Berlin" was their battle slogan. Unfortunately Berlin was never bombed. Had the Americans successfully accomplished their ambition to have twenty thousand American built machines in France inside of a year after their declaration of war, Berlin would have been bombed and the war shortened; but Uncle Sam disappointed the Allies in this respect to such an extent that there were only four "pukka" American machines in France when the armistice was signed. To England belongs most of the credit for the Allies' supremacy of the air. British squadrons have been loaned to fight on every front at some time during the war, and at all times the British have been much more aggressive than any of their Allies. Up until April, 1918, England had both a Royal Navy Air Service and a Royal Flying Corps. The R. N. A. S. worked not only in conjunction with the fleet and on coastal patrol, but also in France, bombing and fighting with the army. On the first of April the two services were amalgamated and became the Royal Air Force. Australia had an air force of four squadrons and a Canadian Air Force was being seriously considered, but it never was formed.

LIEUTENANT WELDON CARTER, R.A.F.

Like a great many Canadians I thought that fighting in the air was much to be preferred to fighting on the ground. Consequently I was highly elated when I received a letter saying that my application for a commission in the Royal Naval Air Service had been accepted. Soon after this I was notified to report at a ground school near London for preliminary training. I was there for eight weeks. About three hundred probationary Flight officers were there to be trained in Meteorology, Wireless Telegraphy, Theory of Flight, Engines, Gunnery, Aerial Navigation and Foot Drill. After we had finished our two months course we were sent to an aerodrome for instruction in real flying. With ten others I was sent to Eastbourne, one of the most beautiful cities in England. Soon after my arrival I was taken up for my first "joy-flip." The sensations one experiences when in the air for the first time are rather disappointing — one expects to have one's heart in one's mouth at all times, but as a matter of fact unless it is a "bumpy" day there is very little more motion to an aeroplane than to a small boat when a choppy sea is running. Never shall I forget my first flight. The pilot, who was afterwards my instructor, showed me how to get in the machine. He then handed me a peculiar looking helmet with a long rubber tube attached to it and told me to put it on. Then he got in the machine behind me himself. At the word "Contact" the propellor was given a sharp turn and the engine roared — soon its roar became a gentle purr. The pilot busied himself putting on a

helmet like mine. Then I heard his voice above the roar of the engine, "These are telephone helmets we are wearing; if you want to talk to me, speak through that rubber tube hanging by your left hand. Are you strapped in? — if you aren't, fasten your belt and

A GROUP OF MERRY AVIATORS.
Lieutenant Weldon Carter is in the bottom row, second from the left. The Officer in the centre, dressed in Naval Uniform, is the Celebrated Canadian "Ace," Lieut.-Col. Collishaw, D.S.O., who intends to make a transatlantic flight this Spring.

never go up in future without seeing that you are well strapped in."

"I'm all ready," I shouted, anxious to try my telephone. "Don't speak so loud," came his answer, —"We'll start as soon as the engine is warm. A stationary engine must be run for at least five minutes before you open the throttle wide. Have you ever been up before?"

"No," came my reply, as my heart became more rapid in its beating.

"Stick your feet well out till they are on the rudder bar — don't hold them against it too hard. Now do you see that stick between your knees? That's the "joy stick." Keep your right hand resting on it lightly. Get that?"

I "got it," and we were soon taxi-ing across the aerodrome. "Always take off and land directly into the wind," he sang out as the engine roared and our speed increased. It seemed to me that I was going faster than I ever had before, and I readily confess that I did not like it as we left the ground. Soon I overcame the desire to keep my head well down in the machine and I looked over the side. Just then the machine gave a lurch and I drew in my head with a jerk.

"Feel that?"

"Y-y-yes," I answered, "What was it?"

"Bump," he retorted. "They're quite harmless — just air currents."

The country below us was like a map on a very large scale, but it seemed to me, after we had reached a very considerable height, that we were stationary and that the map was moving. When we "banked," the earth seemed to tip up until I could see it between the wing tips. It took several flights before I could get rid of this illusion.

"How do you like it?" asked my pilot.

"It's—it's all right," I replied.

"We'll do a couple of stunts," said he; "this is what is called a stall."

The engine was throttled down and the nose of the machine pointed toward the earth in a fairly steep dive. As soon as we had reached a good speed, the nose pointed towards the sky — up — up — up we seemed to go — then we seemed to lose speed and soon it appeared that we were hanging in mid-air. That was an awful sensation. Suddenly the nose of the machine fairly snapped down, and it seemed that we were doomed to dive straight into the ground. Right here I want to say that I "had the wind up." Soon we were flying on the level again and I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Want to try some more?"

"Er — all right," I lied. "I'm pretty cold though," I sang out.

"All right, we'll land then. Do you know where you are? See if you can point out the hangars," and I thought I detected a snicker.

I looked, but realized that I had no idea where the hangars were. I was completely lost. Soon the engine stopped and we were gliding down towards the earth, and a few seconds later I was standing in the hangar talking to my instructor.

"SLIGHTLY BROKEN."

"You have very good light hands," said he. I could not suppress a smile, for ever after that first bump, I had been clutching the side of the machine as if my very life depended on it. He thought I had obeyed his orders to keep my hands on the controls.

Not long after my first flight, I was handling the controls myself, and soon I was pronounced ready for "solo," that is, competent to fly alone. No pilot can deny that during his first solo he was very much frightened. I was no exception to the rule. However, I got off the ground fairly well and started

left hand circuits of the aerodrome. Strange thoughts of engine failure assailed my mind and I was in constant dread of colliding with other machines. After I thought I had been up for about an hour (although I had scarcely been up fifteen minutes) I decided to land. I had just "flattened out" and was waiting for my wheels to touch the ground when — crash — I had landed right on top of another machine in the middle of the drome. Both machines were wrecks, although fortunately the pilot in the other machine and I were both unhurt. Two weeks later I saw the same accident happen with fatal results.

After I had flown my first type of machine for a few hours, I was given more "dual" and "solo" on another. This machine was called an Avro and is a very nice machine to fly. After a few hours solo, I attempted my first "stunt"— another "stall." It wasn't long before I was the master of all the stunts — Zimmelmann, Turus, loops, rolls, and spins. Stunting, while of little or no use in war flying, is greatly encouraged because it tends to increase a pupil's confidence in his machine.

After I had done about twenty hours "solo" I was sent to another aerodrome for training on Active Service machines. I had decided to fly "Scouts"— small single seaters. Why they are called "Scouts" is a puzzle — for a pilot, while he is flying a Scout, cannot carry out any kind of reconnaissance—his whole attention must be devoted to flying and looking for Huns — they should be called fighters, for that is their job. The aerodrome to which I had been sent was one of the largest in England — anywhere within four square miles it was possible to find good landing ground. I realized that the machines I had been flying were more or less "fool proof"— rather a changed opinion to the one I had during my first "solo"— but that here were machines which took skill to fly, even in the hands of an experienced pilot.

My first scout was a "Bristol Bullet"— the smallest aeroplane that has ever been used in France. It seemed very sensitive on controls after the heavy types I had been flying. Then I flew a "Pup." Strange names are given to machines: Camel, Kitten, Bat, Snipe, Salamander, etc.—but I still think that of all the many types I have flown, the Pup was to be preferred — light on controls and easy to land — the latter was an excellent quality, for a good landing is harder to perform than any stunt. I have yet to see a pilot who never made a "dud" landing. Soon I was obliged to leave the Pup and fly a Camel. This machine looked like business, having two quick firing machine guns and a powerful engine. The Camel is a very tricky machine to fly. It is very prone to "spins," and a "spin" near the ground is a very dangerous thing. I remember that on my first flight in a "Camel" I climbed five thousand feet before attempting to turn. I flew the "Camel" for a long time before I felt myself to be its master in every respect. But it's a great old "bus." Many a time later on, its quickness to answer controls was responsible for my escaping with a whole skin. After some firing in the air and some practice in formation flying, I was pronounced an Active Service pilot and fit for France.

"CHEERO! GOOD LUCK!"
Pilot leaving for Patrol Duty.

My chum and I were very anxious to get to a squadron with a wonderful record, commanded by the man that I think is the best man who ever fought the Hun in the air. We both succeeded, but unfortunately we were not together long for B—— was killed inside of a fortnight. When I got to France I made it my policy to talk shop to the experienced pilots as much as possible. I think it is true that the great percentage of casualties in the R. A. F. occurs among the pilots who have not been war flying more than a month. After the first month a pilot can look after himself and is entitled to be called a war pilot. One of the things a new pilot is rarely able to do is to see the Huns before they are too close. His whole attention is paid to keeping good formation which is absolutely necessary. A new man keeps his eyes on the leader, following him in every movement. I remember that in one scrap the Huns attacked us,and a "quirk" stuck so close to the leader that the latter was afraid to turn in fear of colliding with him. So they both flew straight, which is the worst thing to do in a scrap, with the result that when we landed we saw that their machines were riddled with holes and that neither had fired a shot at a Hun.

"Watch your tail!" I've heard those words hundreds of times and they are valuable for all pilots to hear and obey. If we saw the Huns first, we considered ourselves at a great advantage, for we could manoeuvre into a good position for attack before they saw us. If they saw us first, the reverse

was true. A man in the Air Force may be a cripple, but he cannot have faulty eyesight. He must learn to look almost directly into the sun, for in the mornings that is when old man Hun likes to sit between you and the sun where it is very hard to see him. He's a crafty bird, the Hun, and, to give the devil his due, he is no mean antagonist in the air. There have been times when he has had very pronounced supremacy in the air — and those have been serious times indeed for the Allies, not only in the air, but on the ground. As a general rule, however, I think it is fair to state that the British pilot has more courage than the Hun. We always used to feel sure that, no matter how badly we "had the wind up" when we entered a scrap, the Hun was more frightened than we. It was a good way to feel, anyway.

No man in any service can attempt to give an account of his experiences in France — even if he has been there only a week — in a magazine article. A pilot's life in France is a comparatively lazy one. In times when there is "no war on," he does two offensive patrols a day of two hours each on fighting planes— a bomber does one raid a day, which will probably take him three hours. When there is a "war on," however, things assume a different attitude. The Hun, who may have stayed on the ground for a fortnight, comes forth in all his strength, and it is our job to keep him well back of his own line. Aeroplanes are assigned a particularly dangerous job during such "strafes" as happened on the eighth of August and twenty-seventh of September last year. It is called "ground strafing" and it consists of flying low over the enemy territory, dropping bombs on any good targets and using machine guns on his trenches and transport. The casualties during this kind of work are heavy, but it must have a very telling effect on the enemy's morale. I can imagine nothing more terrifying than to look up to find an aeroplane roaring down on one with both machine guns spitting tracer bullets.

Needless to say a flying officer has a good deal of spare time on his hands between fights. We do not find such time hard to use to good advantage. A squadron has ample means of transportation, and sometimes we go to see our friends who fight on the ground; or perhaps we'll play tennis, or cards, and, although most of us in the squadron were Canadians, we have really played and enjoyed a game of cricket — not a bad game, you know, — when one has plenty of time. Then of course, there are "dud" days — days when flying is impossible, owing to weather conditions — those are the days of real sport; no worry until the morning; and maybe it will be "dud" too. So we all drive down to the nearest French town of any size and proceed to paint it red to the best of our ability. All this is, of course, the bright side of our life. There is, however, another side — the vacant seats in the mess. However, there is always a chance that the owners of those seats are alive and prisoners of war. This thought affords us some comfort, but sometimes mess is a pretty glum affair. One becomes very strongly attached to the men who fight alongside one every day.

The Peace Conference has decreed, I understand, that the aeroplane is no longer to be used in warfare. Let us hope there never will be another war, but, if

SQUADRON OF AEROPLANES WITH PILOTS, "ACES ALL."

there must be, then there will be no such terrible things as the bombing of London or (horrible thought) the dropping of gas shells from aeroplanes on thickly populated areas.

In comparing the different branches of the service as relative factors in military activity, I readily take off my hat to the infantryman and to the gunner. To them comes the arduous work of war. Nevertheless, in the next war, I shall want to fight in the air.

Canada and The War.

By the REV. FRANK BAIRD, M.A.

THE war has slipped from the sphere of current into the category of historical events. It is from this viewpoint, therefore, that it may, at this time, most fittingly be discussed. Accepting this as a correct view, we may ask how Canada's part in the great conflict is likely to be looked upon when time has supplied the necessary historic perspective. Shall we be vindicated or condemned when summoned before the impartial assize of posterity? This is the phase of the war that now, more than any other, engages the mind of thoughtful persons in Canada or elsewhere.

Rev. FRANK BAIRD, M.A.

The data available for answering this question is not all locked up in the military archives at Ottawa. Doubtless the records there will be appealed to: and they will tell their story; but not the whole story. The glowing pages of "Canada in Flanders;" the files of old newspapers; the official records of particular battles; the letters, yellowing with age, tucked away in the recesses of jewel cases of mothers, wives, and sweethearts; the titles, crosses, medals, commissions, scars — all will tell their great tale. But even these will not reveal everything. They will make valuable contributions to the sum total of the shining story, but though these plead trumpet-tongued, like Caesar's mantle, they will not reveal all. Behind and below these outward manifestations was the deep strong life of the people. Historians of the type of John Richard Green, who wrote the History of the English People, will inquire, when the part of Canada in the war is to be correctly portrayed, into the life, thought, and activities of the people during the period of the war, as well as into mere military minutiae such as may be found at the nation's Capital. What will such an inquiry reveal?

In what light, to begin with what is generally looked upon as the higher life of the people, will the attitude of the Church, as representing organized religion, be viewed by the historian of the future? Fidelity to fact and record here will show with what zeal and enthusiasm the religious leaders of the country made the Empire's cause their own. Particularly was this true in the Province of New Brunswick. Both Roman Catholic Bishops, one of Irish, the other of French extraction, shortly after the declaration of war, instructed their clergy to assist recruiting and stimulate war effort in every possible way. The Anglican Bishop took the platform, and in numerous and elegant appeals all over the Province, stirred up and strengthened immensely the war spirit by showing that the struggle was essentially a religious one. The clergy of all denominations, with unanimity that was amazing, saw the war in its true light from the inception of the struggle; and it is no exaggeration to say that the most potent recruiting agencies of the war were the churches.

Nor was the church's activity confined merely to issuing the call to war. Many plans for local advancement; many appeals for funds, were cheerfully and loyally suspended. Ladies' Circles, Sewing Guilds, and such like merged their activities in those of Red Cross, Soldiers' Comfort Associations, or kindred war work. When the chaplaincy service filled and overflowed,— as it did very early in the war, — clergymen of all denominations buckled on the sword. At practically every service, by prayer or sermon, or both, the faith of the people was strengthened; and the morale of the long home front,— a factor of enormous importance,— was kept from yielding under the heavy strain.

All things considered, it is difficult to see how an unbiased and scientific historian of the future can speak of Canada's part in the war without paying tribute to the magnificent contribution made to the country's effort by the forces of organized religion; for the Church, from the outset, saw the British

Empire as an instrument of righteousness that must not be weakened or destroyed, and realized that fighting in its defence was not a violation of, but rather a vindication of, the principles of Christianity. It is not to be doubted, therefore, that in the final analysis of the causes of victory for us, it will be found that a factor of enormous importance was the Christian Church.

Passing from the spiritual to the intellectual sphere, from the church to the college and school, the future historian will find a like commendable spirit manifested. The part played in the war by the Canadian colleges must remain quite beyond praise. Supposed to be removed from the strong current of the nation's life, breathing and disseminating the atmosphere of the cloister, living the life of thought, and magnifying the things of the mind, it was with a measure of surprise that the country saw its professors and students alike throwing aside cap and gown and books, and hurrying away to the recruiting stations. The colleges were the first to teach us that heresy and disloyalty of a most reprehensible kind lay in the slogan: "Business as Usual." Our colleges did not count the cost; they made sacrifices from which they will probably never recover fully; and the fit men everywhere, with amazingly few exceptions, stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once. It was all magnificent.

Nearly every man was wholly unfitted for war. The men of the woods, and streams; of the farms and mines and factories, by training and occupation, were partially prepared for the hurly-burly of the camp and battlefield. Brawn was more easily capitalized for war than brain. But where the gulf was widest it must be quickly bridged. Be it said to the immortal honor of education, as represented by our colleges, they led the way to the recruiting offices, and to the trenches — and to victory!

Knowing the facts as we do, we can have no anxiety as to the place a wise and just posterity will assign our colleges in estimating the part played by Canada in the war. It is well that our colleges saw their opportunity and seized it, for the lamps of Pharos would burn but dimly through the years to come had they not blazed effulgently in the darkness and tempest of war. Our colleges have invested themselves with a fadeless halo by their conduct in the war; they have created a new claim to support from the state; and to be a college man has a new and grander significance. The reproach of isolation from life; of remoteness and impracticableness, often charged unjustly against institutions of higher learning, has been removed for all time.

To the Church and the College, as factors of enormous importance in winning the war, may be joined the Law. The record of the judiciary of the province is particularly commendable. Some of the most stirring and weighty deliverances of the whole war were delivered by judges in addressing grand juries. The judges everywhere took their places in pointing out how titles to all lands, given in the name of the King, would lapse with the overthrow of the Empire. It steeled men's hearts to fight, and "fired the flagging zeal" of not a few. One of the first, and one of the strongest calls for a Military Service Act was issued, in opening the Carleton County Court, by a French Justice of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. The lawyers followed the judges. "Closed till after the war," was the message scrawled on the door of many a young and rising advocate. It was a moving announcement, but it was truly typical and representative of the spirit that characterized the great majority of the fit men of the Bar when the war bugle blew. They will not come again to resume business — many of them will not; but the message on the door, and the cross in France at the head of a mound,— that is sufficient; that is an achievement beyond reaching the ermine; a crown which no man can take, a prize which makes the winner's position enviable in the highest degree.

This great trinity of interests,— the Church, the School and the Law, — realized the highest hopes of the country in the war crisis; and it will be a dull historian who does not discover their work, and recognize their part.

The Medical Profession, the Press of the country, the Farming, Shipping and Industrial interests; the Womanhood of the land, as well as other factors, might all be considered at length, for all played their part, and all poured down their contributions gladly and loyally at the feet of the Sovereign. But it is unnecessary to particularize. Suffice it to say that no interest failed; all phases of our provincial and national life rose to the call, and, though untrained and untried in the use of arms, we beat men who had made war their business from their youth up, down to the dust. We remained loyal and united through it all, and we crowned the mighty edifice of material achievement with the one bit of war literature that carries in it the promise of immortality: a Canadian wrote, "In Flanders' Fields."

We have reason, therefore, all things considered, to commit the appraisement of Canada's part in the war to the judgment of posterity with confidence. The story is not all writ in archives; but it is a great story, a shining tale, in which all interests of our life entwine; one which we believe our children and our children's children will read with glowing faces and swelling hearts.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

Special Convocation.

Visit of His Excellency The Duke of Devonshire

Governor General of Canada.

BY PROFESSOR C. E. POPPLESTONE.

THE ancient halls upon the hill have witnessed many spectacular gatherings, that have been duly recorded in the annals of the institution. During the long years that the University of New Brunswick has catered to the educational needs of the province, few college functions have ever equalled in splendor and brilliance the special convocation that was held on December 3rd, 1918. On this occasion the University was honored by His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, Governor General of Canada, who paid an official visit to the institution in order to accept from the Senate the greatest honor that the University can confer upon visitors of distinction and renown—the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The elements were propitious for the occasion. The bright sunshine and clear atmosphere added lustre to the general air of festivity which attended the gathering. The convocation, as usual, was held in the College Library, where a large congregation of visitors from various parts of the province assembled to do honor to the distinguished visitor. The academic procession consisted of the members of the Faculty, the Associated Alumni, the Senate, and several prominent residents, including His Honor the Honorable William Pugsley, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, the Earl of Ashburnham, His Lordship the Bishop of Fredericton, the Very Reverend Scovil Neales, Dean of Fredericton, and many others, all arrayed in full university regalia. Shortly before four o'clock His Excellency arrived, accompanied by his suite, and, promptly on the stroke of the hour, the procession entered the College Hall.

The proceedings were opened by Dr. C. C. Jones, the Chancellor of the University, who extended a hearty welcome to His Excellency on his first visit to Fredericton. The honor that His Grace was that day conferring upon the College would ever be remembered as an historic occasion in the future annals of the University. They welcomed him as the official representative of His Majesty King George the Fifth. But the distinguished visitor was welcomed not only for that reason. They were well aware, continued the Chancellor, that the Duke of Devonshire was a member of one of the most ancient and illustrious of English families that had ever rendered brilliant service to the common weal of the British Empire. Not only did that add distinction to the special convocation held on that day, but in their visitor they had a man who had himself successfully fulfilled the onerous duties of several high offices of state, and had led a very active, distinguished and useful life.

As a representative of the University Senate, His Honor Chief Justice Sir Douglas Hazen, K.C.M.G., thanked His Excellency for the interest he had taken in their old educational institution by paying an official visit on that day. In the course of a very interesting speech, Sir Douglas first outlined a brief review of the University's history. He pointed to that time-honored document, which is familiarly known as "The Germ of the University," and which is still on view in its original form in the College Library. This memorial is in the hand-writing of Dr. William Paine, afterwards first Clerk of the House of Assembly and Member of Parliament for Carleton County. The memorial is signed by several petitioners who pray "for the establishment in this Infant Province of an Academy or School of Liberal Arts and Sciences." It is addressed to "His Excellency, Thomas Carleton, Esquire, Governor, Captain, General, and Commander in Chief of the Province of New Brunswick and the territories thereunto belonging, Vice-Admiral, Chancellor, etc., etc." The petition was presented to Governor Carleton and his Council, and received favorable consideration, December 13, 1785. Thus was born the historic educational institution, now known as the University of New Brunswick, which for many generations has disseminated the seeds of learning and of usefulness, and whose alumni are to be found in every quarter of the globe holding good positions and radiating the lights of the ancient college to the glory of God and to the good of mankind.

The institution was founded with the name of the "College of New Brunswick," and in this way began its honored career. The first change took place in 1828, when a Royal Charter, bearing date the fifteenth of December, was granted by the Crown, incorporating the College by the name of King's College. At this time the institution was under the direct control of the Church of England.

Further amendments were made in course of time. Prominent among such changes was the Act

of 1845, when all religious tests were abolished. Then later in 1859 the name was changed to the "University of New Brunswick," and certain alterations were made in the constitution to meet the varied needs of changing times.

Sir Douglas paid high tribute to the great part taken in the war by the men of the University. At the first trumpet sound of the clarion of war, University of New Brunswick men were conspicuous among those thousands of brave Canadians, who, without hesitation or fear, turned their backs upon all the comforts of home and peace, and immediately responded to the call of duty. In this way over 300 of our students have gone to fight for the Empire, and many of them have made the supreme sacrifice and have died a glorious death in the cause of freedom and justice.

In conclusion Sir Douglas assured His Excellency that they all appreciated the privilege and distinction of having him in their midst on that occasion. It was the first time in the history of the University that a special convocation had ever been held for the purpose of conferring an honorary degree upon such a distinguished visitor.

Dr. H. S. Bridges, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., then presented His Excellency to the Chancellor of the University, and in a Latin speech especially applicable to the occasion, urged that the degree of Doctor of Laws be conferred upon their distinguished guest. At the end of the Latin oration, the Chancellor, with the usual Latin formula, addressed His Excellency and thus made a brilliant addition to the already long list of distinguished Alumni of the University of New Brunswick.

His Excellency was received with prolonged applause on rising to reply. He thanked the Senate for the honor they had conferred upon him by making him an alumnus of such an ancient University. He attributed it not to any merit that he himself had ever displayed, but on account of the exalted official position that he had the pleasure to hold in this wide Dominion. Speaking in reference to the part that College Alumni had played in the war, he said it was a significant fact that the halls of universities both in Canada and England, especially his own university, Cambridge, had been considerably depleted by the war. All college students had brilliantly shown the sterling qualities of which they are made in this trying hour of the Empire's need.

He was glad to note that the younger universities of this Dominion had recognized the advisability of expanding the curriculum earlier than the greater universities of the old country. Within recent years a number of smaller universities had been established at different centres throughout England, with courses in the various branches of applied science. Indeed, an uncle of his had presided at the first meeting of the University of Leeds, of which he had the honor of being the present Chancellor.

In Canada, the university authorities had shown a more enlightened spirit towards modern progress in not having put a ban upon the approach of the railroads towards seats of learning. His own University of Cambridge, when the great railroads were being built, had passed a resolution that no railroad should come less than three miles within the neighborhood of the colleges, and therefore all students had now a rough and unpleasant trip in order to reach the University of Cambridge. But even so the authorities of Cambridge had been wiser than the learned scholars of Oxford, who by their special legislation, had not allowed the railroads to come within ten miles of their ancient colleges. Consequently they had since been obliged to build a branch line in order to bring the students to the University of Oxford.

His Excellency then informed the Chancellor and Senate of the University of New Brunswick that he appreciated very highly indeed the great honor they had that day conferred upon him by making him an alumnus of that ancient seat of learning. He assured them that it would always be his great endeavor to make himself worthy of the University, of which he was now the youngest graduate.

Dr. Pugsley, the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, brought a delightful afternoon to a happy conclusion by addressing the assembly in a very short, but opportune speech. He assured His Excellency the Governor General that the honorary degree had not been conferred upon him merely on account of his official position in the country. He assured His Grace they all appreciated and valued highly the admirable and magnificent way in which he had fulfilled the duties of that most responsible office. They had also wished to express their gratitude to one, who, in many different spheres of activity and usefulness, had rendered great services to the British Empire.

RETRAINING.— Every man discharged from the Canadian Expeditionary Force who has received a disability which prevents him from following his previous occupation in civil life, is entitled to retraining, free of charge, in some trade or profession of his own choice in which his disability will not prove a handicap. During such period of retraining, the Government provides for the maintenance of his family or dependents.

More than 1,000 women have been employed by the Royal Air Force in Canada on a wide range of duties, including motor transport work.

Canadian Officers' Training Corps.

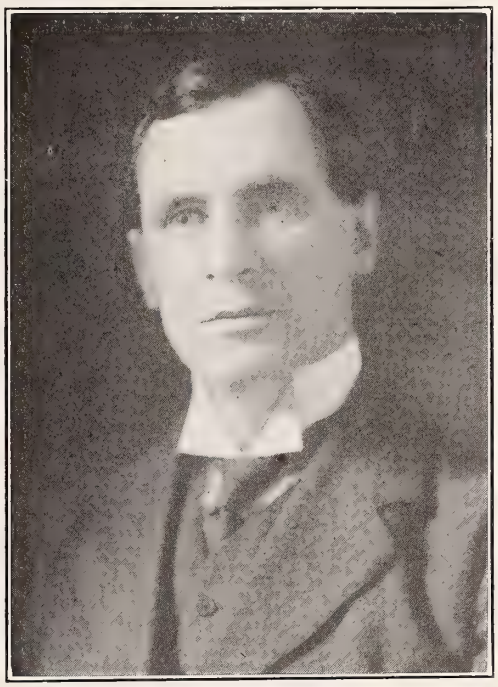
By CAPTAIN A. CAMERON.

IT was in November, 1915, that the University of New Brunswick came into line with other academic institutions in forming an Officers' Training Corps. The following is an extract from General Orders dated November 15, 1915.

"Organization."

"Sixth Divisional Area. Authority is granted for the formation of one company, Canadian Officers' Training Corps, with headquarters at Fredericton, N. B., to be designated the New Brunswick University Contingent Canadian Officers' Training Corps."

This general order was submitted on the distinct understanding that no arms or equipment were asked for until the Canadian Expeditionary Forces were fully equipped, and until such time as funds were voted by Parliament for that purpose. When the corps was organized in October, 1915, there were sixty-two members enrolled. Dr. W. L. MacDonald was appointed officer in command with local rank of Captain, with H. D. McKnight as Lieutenant. Nineteen members of the corps left for overseas service between January and May, 1916. The corps was examined by Major Stethem on May 17, 1916, and the results showed that the contingent had made very satisfactory progress. The number of members declared "efficients" was forty. During the university year, 1916-17, the organization was in abeyance owing to the lack of a qualified officer, the O. C., Captain MacDonald, having gone overseas.



PROFESSOR ADAM CAMERON, M.A., B.Sc.
Professor of Chemistry, University of New Brunswick.

As there was a strong feeling in the University that the corps should "carry on," the writer took a qualifying course at the Royal School of Infantry, Aldershot Camp, during the summer of 1917, and when the University opened in September of that year, drill was again started with forty-six on the roll. During the year sixteen members of the contingent enlisted for service. The corps was inspected at the end of the university year by Major V. W. S. Heron, General Staff Officer, M.D.No.7, who was well satisfied and complimented the officer in command on the appearance made by the contingent.

With the general depletion in numbers, the corps this year is much reduced in strength, there being only twenty-two on the roll.

The details of the syllabus for training for the last two years follow: Training in Squad Drill, Squad Drill with Arms, Platoon Drill, Company Drill, Extended Order Drill and Lectures on Duties, Discipline, Interior Economy, Military Law, Parts of the Rifle and Care and Cleaning of Arms, Map-reading and Field Sketching, Camps, Bivouacs and Billets, Advanced, Flank and Rear Guards, Outposts, etc.

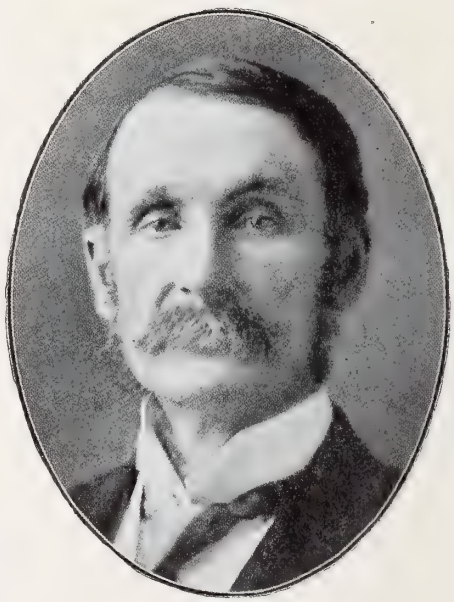
The most useful criticism of the corps comes from those who enlisted, the universal opinion being that the training received in the course stood them in good stead. Apart from purely military considerations, the course is a good one from a physical standpoint and from the esprit de corps which it engenders, but the interest and effectiveness of the contingent would be greatly increased by the issue of proper equipment (at present even the rifles are borrowed from the Normal School) and the provision of a suitable hall to drill in during the winter months.

WAITING FOR COMMAND.

The War and the University.

By Dr. G. R. PARKIN, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., C.M.G.

IN a speech made at the Conference of Canadian Universities in Ottawa in the summer of 1917, a distinguished graduate of our own University, Dr. W. C. Murray, now President of the University of Saskatchewan, illustrated in a very striking way the far-reaching results of a war such as that which has now been brought to a close, and the incalculable nature of the loss to a country and to civilization that it would probably entail. He asked us to imagine that such a war, calling into the conflict all the best young life of the nation, had broken out in the first quarter of the nineteenth century — say in 1825 or thereabouts. The call to arms would have come to a group of men, all of the military age, which included Darwin, Tyndal, Huxley and Lister in the world of science: Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Dickens, Thackeray and Ruskin, in literature: Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Cobden and their great contemporaries in politics, and so on in the other walks of life. What detriment this might have meant to the progress, the civilization, the scientific triumphs and intellectual interests of the last half of the Victorian century it is difficult even to imagine. What our ultimate loss may be in this great war at the opening of the twentieth century will never be known. But this much we do know from the wonderful response to the call of patriotism made by the Universities of the Empire — that the very cream of the ambition and the intellect of our nation has been thrown into the strife. More than two years ago it was estimated that the Universities of the Empire had contributed 70,000 of their students and teachers to the fighting ranks. The tale of loss from among these is almost overwhelming. Among those who have fallen are some of the most brilliant and promising young men in the whole range of my university acquaintance — men of whom almost anything might have been fairly hoped. Of our Rhodes scholars, selected men drawn from many parts of the world, about sixty have given their lives. Of the 1,111 old boys of Upper Canada College who served, 158 have made the same final sacrifice. I have not the same complete record about our own University, but I have no doubt that it is on parallel lines.



Dr. G. R. PARKIN.

The unusually wide acquaintance which my work of late years has given me with the Universities both of the Motherland and of the Dominions, has made me perhaps more conscious than others can be of the extent and nature of this loss, and of the fact that just as the keenest and the best were the first to offer themselves, so it has been the keenest and best who were the first to fall. The men who would have been our natural leaders in the years to come have been taken from us, leaving all their potential work for the world undone, and their own high hopes unfulfilled.

Is there anything left to compensate the world for this tremendous loss of vital and vitalizing force? Nothing perhaps that we can measure precisely, but much that gives ground for hope. In all ages the example of those who have nobly died has been an inspiration to the generations that followed. The men who perished at Marathon, at Thermopylae, at Leuctra, at Waterloo, at Trafalgar, have ever since been reckoned among the driving forces of the world, lifting men and nations to higher levels of thought and action.

Gordon dying at Khartum — Livingstone in the heart of Africa — Franklin in the frozen North — Scott in the frozen South, have given us higher standards of courage and endurance and a stronger faith in the nobility and dignity of our common humanity than we could have conceived without the example they gave us. Being dead they yet live and inspire. So now it will surely be with us, not merely in isolated cases but over a wider field than ever before. No College or University in our whole Empire need in these days look to the pages of history for the spiritual inspiration which comes from the record of noble deeds. They can find it all in their own Honor Rolls — in the deeds and sacrifices of those who have gone out from their own halls. And all the inspiration and stimulus those records can give will be needed. Who, we naturally ask, is to take up the work and fill the place of the brave and brilliant spirits who have been taken from us? It is

those who have been compelled to remain behind or those too young to go. We who are old must make the most of the time that may be left to us, and throw every ounce of remaining energy into the tasks of life; those who are young must face the problems of a new age with a new sense of responsibility. Only a general uplift of purpose and effort can fill the terrible gap left by the war in the advancing hosts of humanity. Especially is this true of our Universities — the nursing mothers to men of thought and action — the leaders of the future. The indifferent student — the slacker — must be made to feel that he has no place in this new world with all its pressing demands on the individual.

The valor of Canadian soldiers has in war won for Canada a great place in the world. That place must be maintained in times of peace. Everywhere it is realized that education must hereafter play a larger part than hitherto in the progress and prosperity of a nation. In the motherland, even with its huge impending war debt, money is being given as never before to promote both common and University education, and to make easier the path that leads from one to the other. It is felt that the trained and intelligent industrial worker produces more — the highly-trained and fully-equipped thinker is of more value to the community than the untrained or half-trained man. I trust that this feeling will prevail in New Brunswick as elsewhere, and that, in fairness to its youth, more liberal public support will be given to its University than ever before.

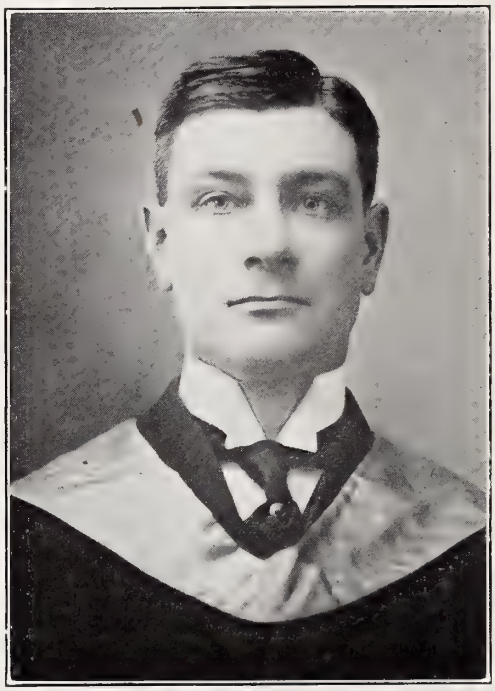
Since I began, at the request of the Chancellor, to write this note, I have listened to my old College friend, Sir George Foster, escaped for the moment from the Peace Conference at Paris, explaining as few others can to a London audience the present position, the vast resources, and the potential greatness of Canada. If the University of New Brunswick had never done more than train this one exponent of our country's place in the world, all that has been spent upon it would be more than justified. And I am sure that he feels, as many others of us who have studied within her walls feel, that to the University and its training we owe in large measure the opening of the door of opportunity in life, and the capacity to deal with the work given us to do.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

CANADIAN INFANTRY.

By LIEUTENANT W. L. MacDONALD, M.A., PH.D.

WHEN so much has already been said, and such appalling waves of words are threatening to overwhelm the innocent reader in the years that are to come on the subject of the war in general, one feels the futility of trying to write briefly on such an important subject as "Canadian Infantry." It is at once so vast, and the individual's observation so limited, that the task seems impossible from the start. The deeds of Canada's army in the earlier days of the war have been told semi-officially, well or ill, in "Canada in Flanders," and Canada's part throughout the struggle is contained in the many official despatches that have been published from time to time. For an article of this kind the ideal treatment would be to write an account of the operations of the various infantry units in which the University of New Brunswick men were enrolled, but the futility of this is obvious. The present writer, for instance, came overseas in an Ontario Battalion, was transferred on arrival in England to a central Ontario Reserve, transferred again to a Western Reserve to reinforce a Manitoba (Winnipeg) Battalion in France, and on returning to England was for a time transferred to the New Brunswick Reserve. In other words, geographical distinctions were to a very large extent obliterated. More interesting still, personally, would it be to tell of the various University of New Brunswick students I met here and there at camps, schools and hospitals in England and France; yet such experiences have no general interest, and I am forced to endeavor to raise the veil from the obvious.



DR. W. L. MACDONALD, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of English, University of New Brunswick.

"The main force of every army is made up of the infantry. These are the battle winners. Every other arm of the service is auxiliary to the men who plod on foot with rifle on shoulder and bayonet at belt." So speaks a competent writer on the British Army of today. The difficulties of raising and properly training this essential arm are correspondingly great. The real history of the

KING'S PARADE, CAMBRIDGE.

war, so far at least as Canada is concerned, will never be written, for it involves an account of recruiting that is not easily, however willingly, forgotten by those who had to raise the battalions before conscription came to the rescue. Speaking from personal experience, one of the greatest difficulties was the universal knowledge that the infantry was the back bone of the army, and that ultimately it had to bear the brunt of the fighting. When the recruiter met a man who was likely to become a soldier sooner or later, in nine cases out of ten, he was met by the evasion "when I join up it will be with the cyclists, artillery or engineers," according to the traditions of the locality in which the prospective recruit happened to be. One of the pleasantest of my recruiting experiences was the satisfaction I had of bringing several such shirkers to a "show down" by referring them on the spot to an artillery major who had kindly consented to attend me on my rounds with just this object in view.

Finally, however, the recruiting did come to an end and the battalion arrived in England, already well trained owing to the length of time it had required to bring it up to sufficient strength to go overseas. Then the inevitable separation of men, non-commissioned officers and officers, took place. A necessary and entirely good provision,— yet there is no doubt that the process destroyed to a great extent the enthusiasm with which each succeeding unit arrived in England. Esprit de corps was all but an impossibility in a reserve. On the other hand the training was much more effective and the discipline immensely more strict; and, after all, real esprit de corps is developed only in the fighting zone. To speak first of the most important element of reserve life. One of the commonplaces of the war is the extraordinary development of specialized training. Barrack square drill could be as effectively carried on in Canada as in England, but facilities for training men in bombing, entrenching, and anti-gas measures were never (at least not in the days of recruiting) available on this side of the water. An instructor was like a baseball player,— to be successful he must be a specialist; if he was a good bomber, he was hardly expected to be more than efficient in anti-gas, or bayonet fighting. It is curious to note how different branches of training were emphasized according to the experiences of the army in the field. At the beginning the rifle and bayonet were all important; then the bomber had his day; during 1917 anti-gas measures (which everybody hated cordially) had more emphasis than any other; but finally Infantry Training and Field Service Regulations were vindicated and Musketry and B. F. came back to their own. One curious (and irritating) feature of the training was the exasperating

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

recrudescence of the old-style sergeant instructor's influence. The "about turn" on the march, for example, was not being done in the proper way and many a dull "Rookie" had a miserable two months in mastering this all important drill movement. "Right incline" did not seem meaning full enough, so the edifying premonitory exhortation "move to the right by diagonal march" was prefaced, a revival of an old order I have since been told. No doubt such changes had their value, if one could discover them, but the everlasting question was "why, in the name of Mars, doesn't the war office get out a new Infantry Training?" One was left with the suspicion that Chelsea would then perhaps be deprived of its "corner" on infantry drill. The net result of such changes in unimportant details was a pathetic lack of uniformity of method in parade square drill. Mention has been made of the tightening of discipline on arrival in England. Many a soldier who in Canada had "five days C. B." to show opposite an "A. W. L." on his conduct sheet was dismayed at having to do "twenty-eight days F. P. No. 2" for a similar offence in England.

CUTTING BARBED WIRE.

So far experience of Canadian camps in England only has been noticed, but there may be some advantage in writing on this side of the war, since it has naturally received much less attention than the more exhilarating life in France. Perhaps, moreover, if an average were struck it would be found that a Canadian soldier's experiences in Europe were about evenly divided between England and France in point of time. For reasons that I have sufficiently indicated, the life of the Canadian Infantryman in France is going to be briefly dealt with. It is extraordinary how the various steps from enlistment to going into action followed one another so naturally, both prospectively in the imagination and actually, that the last step of all seemed little more strange than the first. At the Base in France one felt that he was a fully trained soldier. That presumption, however, never by any chance got him out of going through the gas chamber before proceeding, after a short or long period, to join his battalion. From

OBSERVATION POST.

this point on, the mind was in constant preparation for the great adventure — actually engaging in the great war. Amongst the thousand elements that made up the life of the infantry in the fighting zone, only one shall here be mentioned. It was particularly disconcerting, especially for a subaltern, to follow the changes in the platoon organization. "The platoon is divided into four sections each under a non-commissioned officer." Such was the innocent description of the platoon in the official books of 1914. Following the new French system, in 1916 these four sections of riflemen yielded an organization of riflemen, bombers, and Lewis gunners,— two sections of the first, one each of the second. The numbers in the bombing section differed in the Imperial and the Canadian forces. Then a rifle grenade section took the place of one of the rifle sections; then another Lewis gun section found its place, and the rifle grenadiers were absorbed amongst the bombers. A platoon commander might leave his platoon for a couple of weeks and find quite a new organization on his return. Lewis gun teams required very special training, and during the last months of the war the ideal was to have every man in the platoon a trained "No. 1" Lewis gunner. I returned once to my battalion to find my platoon only half strength owing to a disastrous tour in the line in which a third of the company had gone out gassed. I was forced to organize the remainder into two Lewis gun sections only. But all this pointed to one thing — it was becoming a war in which rifle fire was all important. And so the old Infantry Training of the first months of the war vindicated the truth of its principles, and one actually saw in action the sections, platoons and companies advancing in the formations advised, though not prescribed, in "I. T. 1914."

Artillery in Warfare.

By LIEUTENANT BRYDONE de B. MILLIDGE, M.C.

WHEN the report reached Canada after the Battle of Amiens on August 8th last—"that the work of the artillery was wonderful," few people realized how great a development had taken place in this branch of the service during the war. A great improvement has been made from the early days when the major of a battery would go out, put his finger in his mouth, hold it up and say "add fifty" or "ten minutes more right" down to the present time when the meteors are delivered to the batteries six times a day, and, to use a well-known training expression, "things are made fool-proof;" also from the time when three rounds of ammunition per day was the allowance down to the present day when unlimited quantities are available.

LIEUT. B. de B. MILLIDGE, M.C.

The first Canadian Contingent left Canada with two heavy batteries (60 pounders), one division of field artillery (18 pounders), and "A" and "B" batteries of the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery.

At the time of the armistice the Canadian Corps had in France twelve siege batteries (6", 8" and 9.2" howitzers), two heavy batteries (60 pounders), five complete divisions of artillery (18 pounders and 4.5 howitzers) with their trench mortar brigades, the 8th army brigade, "A" and "B" batteries, R. C. H. A., and "E" battery, anti-aircraft. However, even with this army the corps had much additional artillery supporting it in a "show," so that it will be seen, that, as the war progressed, the extent to which artillery was used increased tremendously. In the early days of the war, when a battalion commander had a battery supporting him, he was satisfied; but in 1917, when a brigadier had six batteries of field artillery and three siege batteries to support two battalions in the line, he raised a terrible noise.

In the early days of the war the 18 pounders used to be regarded as monsters, but, when larger artillery took the field, they assumed the name of "Pip-squeaks."

Artillery really developed from a combination of guess and luck to a system of science, where such accurate calculations were made, that few shots were misplaced and the gunner knew when he pulled the trigger that the shell was going to land near the target. The infantry felt they had confidence in the artillery because they knew that everything had been taken into account and special precautions taken for their safety.

The greatest development, perhaps, occurred when the natural elements were allowed for, and special corrections made for them.

The meteors came into the batteries every four hours in the following form, and new corrections issued, if necessary.

07	35	11	116
10	40	12	115
20	45	14	113
30	50	16	111

Barometer 29.17.

The first column represents the time of flight of the projectile calculated from the time the shell leaves the muzzle till it strikes the ground. The range is obtained from the map. Then by looking up in the range table the corresponding time of flight is ascertained. From this time of flight the temperature of the air is chosen. That is represented by the second column. The third column gives the velocity of the wind and the fourth column the direction of wind.

A correction is made for the temperature of the air according as it is above or below 60° F. Another correction is made for the temperature of the charge according as it is lying out in the open and 10° F. higher for ammunition under cover.

By drawing a circle, the angle between the line of fire and the direction of the wind is found, and the wind transferred to the line of fire, either in front or behind. A correction for line must be made for this change and also a correction for range depending on the velocity of the wind.

The barometer plays an important part in shooting and a correction must be made for it. This correction is re-corrected according to the height of the battery above datum.

The size and shape of the fuse alters the range considerably, because it is a well-known fact that a

sharp pointed shell will carry farther than a blunt one. The difference in level makes an alteration in line which must also be allowed for.

The gun itself has an error large or small according to the extent to which it is worn by previous use. When a gun is worn, a certain amount of the fire originating from the explosion of the charge is lost

FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

and escapes past the shell, while it is still in the base, and so the projectile does not receive the initial velocity that it would if the shell fitted tightly in the base. With the above corrections taken into account, the shell will land on the target, and guess work is a thing of the past.

Another great factor that came into artillery is liaison, a word permanently adopted from the French and implies co-operation. In the early part of the war co-operation between the different arms of the service was lacking to a great extent, but finally it was "liaison" everywhere. Artillery "liaisoned" with infantry in the line and at infantry brigade; infantry with infantry; tanks with infantry, air force with infantry and artillery; division with division; corps with corps; army with army, and nations with nations. Perfect co-operation was necessary and was accomplished. The great smoothness with which attacks and advances took place in the latter stages of the war were in a great measure due to co-operation.

On a nice quiet sector liaison duty is looked upon as a "soft job," particularly when all that the gay young artillery subaltern has to do is to rest his tired bones and help consume the infantry rations. This tour varies from three to seven days, and outside of taking a walk round the front line a couple of times during his tour all he has to do is sleep, which job he does exceedingly well.

ARTILLERY WAGON LINES IN FRANCE.

However, he is there to advise the infantry battalion commander regarding his artillery support and to explain any phase of the artillery to them. If any short shooting is done, he must make a thorough enquiry, and find out who is responsible by collecting the time of occurrence, the nature of projectile, direction from which it came and a piece of the shell if possible. He must advise his own Colonel just how things stand and whether the infantry are satisfied.

During a "show" his job is much more difficult. He must always be in close contact with the battalion commander, and act as the representative of the artillery Colonel.

Many decorations have been won by artillerymen on liaison duty, and when an infantry Colonel recommends an artilleryman he usually deserves it.

He must be always able to get the guns "turned" on any spot designated by the infantry at short notice, and to do this communications must be maintained at all costs.

ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

Communication is the most important branch of artillery. Signallers were trained in the use of flags and heliographs, but, with the coming of trench warfare, these were replaced by the telephone. This had not been foreseen and the artillery had very scanty equipment. In the early days of the war commercial

wires, taken from standing telephone and telegraph lines, were used and strung on bottles for insulators. To meet the new demand insulated wire was issued. The first phone used was known as the D 3, and one wire was used with an earth return. Switchboards as an issue were unknown, but were improvised from cartridge cases with bullets for plugs. Some time in 1915 the Germans brought out an apparatus to pick up messages from our ground lines; and to overcome this, metalled returns were used. Also telephones were set up in the front lines with both terminals grounded on which false messages were sent, or these phones kept buzzing in an attempt to plug the German listening machines, but these were unsuccessful. Orders were issued that all unnecessary conversations over telephones be stopped, and that no important messages, such as map locations, etc., be sent within eight thousand yards of the front line. This greatly retarded the use of the phone, so an invention known as the Fullerphone with a continuous wave was brought into use.

OLD RUINS USED AS GUN PIT.

On this instrument messages could be buzzed without fear of them being picked up.

Telephones necessitated wires and these had to be kept up. In a big show this was difficult, and lines were run in duplicate and triplicate and even laddered, that is duplicate systems were joined up by short lengths of wire at frequent intervals. Even with these at times lines failed entirely and flags, heliographs, pigeons, lamps, both day and night, and flappers had to be used. The latter is a sort of shutter which shows a white face when open and black when closed.

In the battle of Passchendaele telephone communication failed entirely, and lamp and pigeon had to be used.

Towards the end of the war visual signalling came into its own as lines could not be laid quickly enough to keep up with the retreating Hun.

With the development of the aeroplane the scope of the artillery was greatly enlarged. Artillery observation machines high in the air could observe the bursts of larger shells many miles behind the line, and with their wireless apparatus they could signal the necessary corrections. Aeroplane photographs gave accurate locations of battery positions and this necessitated the use of camouflage; but even this did not entirely disguise their location. Various methods were resorted to in order to escape aerial observation. Pits were built flat and level with the ground and were thus hidden. Even with this crafty device it was sometimes impossible to conceal them from the enemy. They were constructed to withstand any attack except from the heaviest artillery. The Germans built concrete gun pits on the rear of Vimy Ridge, that were said to be stronger than the coast defences of England. After the taking of Vimy in the spring of 1917, observation posts were

CAMOUFLAGED GUN PIT.

FIELD ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.

established all along the Ridge, and from these a wonderful view was obtained of all the enemy's back country.

The observation post is the eye of the army, and o'ping a special branch of artillery, particularly in field. The observation post is manned by an officer and three signallers whose tour of duty varies from one to four days. During this time they must be constantly at their post of duty. A log is kept in which is recorded enemy movements, hostile shelling, new enemy construction, in fact everything of importance.

The hour before sunrise is the most important hour of the day, as this is the time usually chosen for an attack. The observer, watching with searching gaze the enemy lines emerging from a morning mist, and expecting to see at any time the grey clad figures stealing toward our trench, is really thankful when the sun emerges triumphant and he sees that all is quiet.

The observation post is the place where the artilleryman has his best time. On a nice sunny afternoon it is fine sport for the observing officer of a field battery to see a party of Huns come within range of his sniping gun and to disperse them with a few well placed rounds of timed shrapnel, thus illustrating to them the old adage of "the quick and the dead."

Reports are sent to headquarters twice daily and more frequently, if the situation demands it. From these reports the intelligence staff make a summary of the day's events and get a good idea of what the wily enemy is contemplating.

An observation post is primarily for observation and must be located so as to command a good view of the enemy country. It must be inconspicuous and preferably away from possible targets. From the viewpoint of the personnel a deep dugout is considered a great acquisition.

When trench warfare came to an end on August 8, 1918, and the enemy were forced back 12,000 yards in the first day, great joy was manifested by the gunners, because at last their longed-for opportunity had arrived. They now galloped madly into action, hear "Halt, action front," unlimber and shoot at the enemy through open sights, as they have often dreamed of, but never before realized. They advanced on the heels of the infantry and incidentally received many casualties from machine gun fire, both in men and horses. It was in this stage that field artillery received its true reward, after so much waiting, and its opportunity for distinguishing itself had arrived.

CANADIAN HOWITZERS CUTTING WIRE.

ENLISTMENTS.—The total number of men enlisted in Canada from the beginning of the war to November 15, 1918, was 595,441.

In addition to the above, 14,590 British and Allied reservists went from Canada to rejoin the colours in their own countries.

Herr Von Heydebrand (Conservative member of the Reichstag, in a speech to his constituents at Trebnitz, June 11): "The Englishman has a bulldog nature. Let us recall how Great Britain, one and a half years ago, appeared on the battlefield with 120,000 men, whereas she has now an army of some two millions! They fix their teeth in firm like a bulldog."

READJUSTMENT:

And the Part which the University of New Brunswick may Play in this Important National Work.

By His Honor, the Honorable WILLIAM PUGSLEY, K.C., M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.
Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick.

I TAKE it that "Readjustment" does not mean merely getting back to normal conditions as they were before the War. It means far more than that. It means that those ideals for the triumph of which this Great War has been successfully fought by the forces of democracy, liberty, civilization and Christianity, shall be perpetuated throughout the world. And while it is confidently expected that the whole world will in the end be the gainer by the terrible sacrifices which the British Empire and its Allies have made, may we not also hope that among the Allied Nations there may be a greater resultant benefit, in some degree commensurate with the loss of blood and treasure which has been sustained?

I saw recently in a very excellent magazine of wide circulation, a post-war statement of its mission and it seemed to state so well what will, in the new, and we trust, better era upon which the world is entering, be the desire of every good citizen, that I take the liberty of quoting from it, with some slight immaterial omissions. It is —

His Honor, the Honorable WILLIAM PUGSLEY, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

1. To advocate the rights of childhood — to a clean birth, to proper nourishment, to a good education.

2. To assert the sacredness of the home as an instrument of civilization and democracy.

3. To stimulate the thoughts and aspirations of those who serve at humble but essential tasks.

4. To demand justice and fair dealing for all and equal rights for those equally worthy.

5. To promote the desire for better homes, and better food, and better surroundings, and better schools, and to show how these ideals may be realized.

6. To encourage measures that will result in genuine conservation — the conservation of time, of energy, of raw materials, of finished products, of life itself.

7. To co-operate with every agency for welfare work, in peace times as well as war times.

8. To aid in the great work of reconstruction and reorganization, helping the world to profit from its sacrifices.

9. To become the exponent of a growing public consciousness that the well-being of others takes precedence of claims for personal reward or gain.

If there is one thing more than another which the experience of the Allied Nations in this war has taught, it is this, that the State has been woefully neglectful of the proper care of child life, and of the physical well-being of its youth. The very large percentage of young men who failed to come up to the qualifying tests for military service was really appalling. In Canada, in the United States, in Great Britain, it was the same. By reason of physical defects, due often, no doubt, to inherited weakness, but more often to neglect during childhood, or to the want of proper physical training while growing to maturity, a very large percentage of the young manhood of the foremost nations of the world was found wanting in that virility necessary to stand the hardships of military life. It is, I am sure, only necessary to call the attention of the young men and women attending the University of New Brunswick, who so thoroughly believe in physical training and in the age-old motto—"*Mens sana in corpore sano*" — to this fact, so deplorable from a national standpoint, to cause them, when they leave Alma Mater, to become crusaders on behalf of improved conditions in this respect.

From paragraphs 2 and 5, I would like to emphasize the following — "To assert the sacredness of the home as an instrument of civilization and democracy — to promote the desire for better homes, and better food, and better surroundings, and better schools, and to show how these ideals may be realized." What a glorious opportunity for making effective the lofty purpose and high endeavour of those who will, from year to year, go out from the University, so well equipped by their years of training within its walls, to become leaders of thought, and who can do so much to realize the ideals set forth in these two paragraphs! They know from observation, as well as I, what splendid work is to be done along these

lines. They know that in the congested portions of our cities and towns, and in our villages, and even on the farm, conditions of the home life, in many cases, do not make for good, healthy, virile citizenship — and that thousands of children having in them the material for making the very best manhood and womanhood of the nation, are, by reason of the conditions under which they live, seriously handicapped in the race of life.

In this connection let me say that, in my opinion, one of the most hopeful signs being manifested in this post-war period, is the intense longing which is being manifested by the manual workers to have homes of their own, where they can live with reasonable comfort and bring up their families under healthful conditions. It is pleasing to note that the State is recognizing its duty in this respect, and is lending financial assistance toward solving the "Housing Problem." But in order that the very laudable plans now being formulated may be as successful as it is hoped they will be, earnest and intelligent co-operation by governmental and municipal authorities, the home-seekers and the general public will be necessary.

Possibly some form of municipal or state insurance, to provide against sickness or death of the home-builder, may be required, in order to save the home for the worker's family, in event of such a contingency. In our large industrial centres the seemingly eternal clashing of interests between capital and labor, resulting in frequent strikes, disastrous alike to the employees and employers, and harmful to the whole community, naturally causes great anxiety as to the future, especially at this time when the workers of the civilized world are demanding an improvement of their social status and living conditions, commensurate with their splendid achievements during the war, both in the factory and on the battlefields. No steps can be taken which will be so effectual in creating contented and prosperous communities of workers, as to make for them generous provision for securing comfortable homes, and pleasant home surroundings, at a cost which the rate of wages they receive will enable them to bear without financial inconvenience. In this good work, which must appeal to all patriotic citizens, the intelligent University graduate will be able to play a most important part.

I cannot consider fully the quoted paragraphs above set forth, all of which emphasize plans for improvement of national conditions, and are embraced within the meaning of the word — "Readjustment" — in its broadest sense. They could be made the text for a lengthy article, in which the limited space at my disposal forbids my indulging. I would, however, like to call attention to these words — "To encourage measures that will result in genuine conservation — the conservation of raw materials, of finished products."

The chair of Forestry in the University has proved a great — and in the future will prove a still greater — assistance to the Department of Crown Lands in conserving this most important provincial asset. It would amaze our people if accurate figures could be compiled and laid before them, showing the financial loss which this Province has suffered by the wanton destruction of forest areas, from which valuable timber has been wholly removed, leaving barren wastes, utterly valueless for agricultural purposes. The University graduates in Forestry, impressed, as they will be, with the importance, not alone of conserving the forests, but of restoring for the generations to come by a system of reforestation, the wealth which has been destroyed, will be able to educate public opinion along these lines, and so confer untold benefits, not only upon future generations, but upon these now living.

The war, among its manifold lessons, has taught our people the necessity of developing to the fullest extent our natural resources. The water powers of the Province have great potential value — so have its coal mines, its deposits of lime and gypsum, its oil shales, petroleum and natural gas, as well as various other minerals. Their successful development, depending, as it does, so much upon the knowledge, judgment and skill of the well-trained engineer, will add greatly to the general prosperity and happiness of the people. Here is a wide field for the University of New Brunswick graduate in Engineering.

But equally important with the others, perhaps even more so, is the thoroughly trained practical chemist, who can analyze the minerals, the woods, the plant growth of the Province, ascertain their component elements, determine the uses to which they can best be put, and by laboratory tests, learn their values, and more especially the value of by-products which may be derived from them. In this work, it seems to me, there is great room for the skill of the practical chemist.

The University has done great public service in the past through its Chair of Chemistry, but if it had a commodious, up-to-date building, with suitable laboratories, where Applied Science could be properly taught, the good result of its past teaching would be insignificant compared to the splendid results which would follow. I learn that the University authorities are desirous that a Memorial Building, in memory of those undergraduates who made for their country in the Great War the supreme sacrifice, to be used in part for the teaching of Applied Science, may soon be undertaken through the aid of the Alumni and

others. May I not venture to express the hope that through general popular assistance and generous public aid — either by the Dominion as a part of its assistance to technical education — so often spoken of — or by the Province — probably owing to my position I should not say by which — a fitting keystone may be placed in the arch of this really excellent State University?

All Hail the New Memorial Building!

IN BAILLEUL:

(March 17, 1916)

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts, late H.Q. 1st Canadian Division, B. E. F.

BAILLEUL is old and not beautiful. Its streets are narrow and its squares are treeless. One can imagine it as being exceedingly stuffy and commonplace in times of peace. When approached from the north it lures one with an irregular and romantic silhouette which promises vague delights — the adventures, the relaxations, the frivolity, and comforts of a city. Alas! these things are not realized here. This is not a city. Yet Bailleul has been in close touch with romance and history for hundreds of years. Centuries ago it was laid siege to by an English Army. I cannot be more definite in this matter of the siege, as the only books near enough to hand for immediate reference are a Field Service Pocket Book and an English-French Dictionary.

Once upon a time the Three Musketeers rode through Bailleul, clattering over the pavé at a rate that no conscientious A. P. M. would permit nowadays.* The old town continues to stand dull and treeless in the midst of history and romance.

On the afternoon of March 17, 1916, in the square across which the converted Hôtel de Ville faces an unconverted and musty hostelry, a French General was ceremoniously received by a Canadian General of equal rank, a French guard of honor was met by a Canadian guard of honor of equal strength, French and Canadian brass bands performed, and the efforts of French trumpets were seconded by the best endeavours of Canadian pipes and drums. French civilians and English and Canadian soldiers crowded the sides of the square and surveyed the scene from the windows of houses, shops, and estaminets. The fathers of the town stood grouped in one corner, arrayed like Solomon in all his mourning. From some of the commanding windows particularly pretty girls looked forth.

The cause of all this ceremonious, martial, and affectionate display stood in single rank in the middle of the square with their backs to the Headquarters of the Canadian Corps and their faces to the musty hotel and one wing of the French guard of honor. They were Canadian officers and men who were to receive in French orders and medals from the French General, recognition of distinguished services and heroic deeds.

The exact sequence of events is not very clear in my mind. General D'Oissel inspected the Canadian guard of honor, accompanied by General Sir Edwin Alderson and a mixed staff. Then General Alderson inspected the French guard of honor, pausing frequently to question the wearers of decorations. The French band played "The Marseillaise," and all the

*Since the above date, the town has been occupied by Germans for a short time, and partially destroyed by fire.

RUINS OF TOWN HALL, WILLERVAL.

spectators cheered. The French colors advanced, carried by a lieutenant and guarded by a color-party with fixed bayonets, and took up a position facing the centre of the rank of Canadians to be decorated. It was just then, I think, that the French trumpets did some fine work.

On the right of the line stood the officers who were to become Officers and Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor — two brigadier-generals, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, and several captains. One by one they were addressed by the French General and struck on both shoulders with the sword. Then each was decorated and kissed on both cheeks. The Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre were next pinned on, and all the officer-recipients received the salute of brotherhood on both cheeks.

Glory is not won here without risk of death. We were sharply reminded of this fact during the presentation of the Crosses of the Legion of Honor, when the General Officer commanding the First Canadian Division stepped forward and received the Cross so valiantly won and so dearly paid for by Captain George Richardson, late of the Second Canadian Infantry Battalion.

In the meantime a British aeroplane circled high above the crowded square, on guard in the soft grey sky.

The Canadian band, hidden somewhere in the neck of a little side street behind a flank of our guard of honor, struck up "O, Canada!" I know nothing of the musical value of this composition; but it always stirs in me the tenderest emotions. I have heard it many times, and in many places, since my last sight of Canada; and here, in the old French town, I was more deeply moved than ever by the familiar strains. Picture it — and if you are a Canadian by adoption, by service, or by many generations of citizenship, you will understand. The spring sky had dulled, since noon, to a soft grey. In the centre of the square were the French and Canadian generals, the Canadians whose breasts had been so recently decorated, and the French colors. On two sides of the square were the smoke-blue, steel-capped ranks of the French soldiery, and on two sides the khaki ranks of the Canadians, and around all the French women and children and British fighting men; French sisters in their great white head-dresses; the faces of men and women at the crowded windows aglow with pride and friendliness, and over all and through all, thrilling the mild Flemish afternoon and hundreds of valiant Canadian hearts, the music of our Canadian Anthem:

"O, Canada! we stand on guard for thee!"

The ceremony ended soon after this. The guards of honor, the bands, the trumpeters and the pipers marched away. The generals, the heroes, the officers and the crowds dispersed, and as I moved towards the nearest tea-room with one of the winners of glory, the thought came to me that it was in the old, dead days, when France and England used to fight one another on land and sea, that the phrase "our friend the enemy" was created. It is a phrase that shall never again be used by Frenchmen or by Englishmen, for now and for ever our friends are our friends, and our enemies are our enemies.

The ceremony is passed, but the spirit of it lives on.

Behind Canada's battle-front in France, within sound of Canada's guns, we had received honor and love at the hands of France. The cub of the old lion had been crowned, with the old lion looking proudly on.

Canada had lived a great day!

Our Contributors.

JOHN S. ARKWRIGHT.

The very beautiful poem, "O Valiant Hearts," was especially written by Mr. John S. Arkwright to commemorate the signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities on November 11, 1918. The poem was sung by a large gathering of English and Dutch at a service of Thanksgiving held in the Amphitheatre, Union Buildings, Pretoria. This tremendous gathering was attended by His Excellency the Right Hon. Viscount Buxton, Governor General of South Africa, and his suite. To take part in this festival of rejoicing large numbers came from different parts of South Africa, including a choir of 400 choristers from Johannesburg. The poem, written in memory of those heroes who have willingly given their lives in a noble cause, aptly expresses those sentiments of resignation to sacrifice so typical of British adherence to duty.

T. C. L. KETCHUM.

Mr. T. C. L. Ketchum belongs to a family whose name has long been closely allied to the University of New Brunswick. His father, the late Canon W. Q. Ketchum, was a distinguished graduate of the college. Mr. Ketchum is a barrister by profession and has an important legal clientèle in Woodstock. As a writer he has attained repute and his article in the pages of this magazine, dealing with the heroic self-sacrifice of University of New Brunswick men in the Great War, will certainly appeal strongly to the readers of these pages. Mr. Ketchum exemplifies the quiet resignation to duty and sacrifice, now exercised by so many, insomuch as to the great cause of human liberty he gave his only son, James C. Ketchum, '15, who, like many other of Canada's soldiers, was killed in action.

MRS. H. F. McLEOD.

Mrs. H. F. McLeod, M.A., has been a very active worker in the various branches of patriotic work, so ably described in the article "Women's Work," appearing in this magazine. As an energetic member of the Alumnae Society of the University of New Brunswick she is ever ready and willing to give the college the benefit of her excellent judgment and executive ability. Mrs. McLeod is a most capable organizer and an untiring worker. Mrs. McLeod is the wife of Colonel H. F. McLeod, O. C., 12th (N. B.) Battalion, C. E. F., and M. P. for York County.

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.

Captain T. G. Roberts, the youngest son of the late George Goodridge Roberts and Emma (Bliss) Roberts, was born in Fredericton, on July 7, 1877. He comes from a family many members of which are well known authors, littérateurs and poets, and have made many valuable contributions to the field of letters. He is the brother of the writers — Charles G. D. Roberts and Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, and the celebrated poet Bliss Carman is his cousin. Captain Roberts himself is an author of international repute. He has been a very extensive traveller, having lived in Newfoundland, Labrador, West Indies and Europe, and this wide knowledge of climes and men is reflected in the numerous articles, stories, lyrics and ballads that have proceeded from his fertile brain. He is the author of "The Red Feathers," "The Warp," "Love on Smoky River," "Blessington's Folly," "Forest Fugitives," etc., etc. He is part author of "Thirty Canadian V. C.'s" and other official military books. Sir Francis Warren, Professor of Poetry, Oxford University, a recognized authority on the poetic art, has placed Captain Roberts as "one of Canada's seven poets of established reputation."

Captain Roberts has had a varied experience in military activity. He served throughout the Cuban Campaign, in the Spanish-American war. In the Great War he saw active service from September, 1914, until December 24, 1918, in the 12th Battalion, C. E. F. He was attached to the Headquarters Staff, B. E. F. (G. S. O. 3), and was aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie from June, 1917, to March, 1918.

CHARLES EDWARD POPPLESTONE.

Dr. C. E. Popplestone, M. A., D. Litt., B. es L., occupies the chair of French and German at the University of New Brunswick. Born at Bradford, Yorkshire, England, he is the youngest member of a large family, nearly all of whom have been closely allied to the teaching profession. Dr. Popplestone was educated in England, France and Germany. He has travelled extensively and has closely studied the educational systems of the various countries in which he has lived. He has had a long experience as a teacher of Modern Languages. He came to Canada in March, 1913, since when he has readily associated with the various progressive activities of this country. Dr. Popplestone has established himself as a writer, and is the author of numerous articles and stories published in periodicals and magazines in England, Canada and United States.

MR. JUSTICE J. H. BARRY.

Judge Barry, who has written for these pages the article on "The University of New Brunswick Memorial," is very well known in Canadian legal circles. For some time he had an extensive practice as a barrister in Fredericton. Then for some time he was Judge of Probate, and later was promoted to his present exalted position as Judge of the Supreme Court. For many years Judge Barry has been a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, and in that capacity has been largely instrumental in raising the educational value of the college to its present high standard of efficiency. His Honor has always taken a lively interest in educational matters, and, realizing that a thoroughly comprehensive system of education is the most valuable asset that any nation can possess, he may be relied upon to see that, as the leading educational institution of the province, the University of New Brunswick will continue to keep abreast with the times.

MISS E. B. HUNTER.

Miss E. B. Hunter, B. A., of the '92 class, is so well known throughout the Maritime Provinces that it is hardly necessary to introduce her to the readers of the Memorial Magazine. Miss Hunter is the President of the Alumnae Society of the University of New Brunswick, and has never failed to maintain a lively interest in all matters appertaining to the welfare of her old Alma Mater. Throughout the war Miss Hunter has displayed indefatigable energy in every branch of Red Cross and other patriotic work. The glorious success that has attended the arms of our boys in the trenches is due in no small degree to the sterling patriotism and untiring enthusiasm of such women as Miss Hunter.

LIEUTENANT WELDON CARTER.

Lieutenant Weldon Carter is the son of Dr. W. S. and Mrs. Carter, of Fredericton. At the time of his enlistment, September, 1916, in the Canadian Garrison Artillery, Weldon Carter was a member of the Freshman class of the University of New Brunswick. He went over to England with the 76th Battery of Winnipeg, but shortly after his arrival was transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service. In this article Lieutenant Carter has modestly refrained from any mention of his own achievements. As a matter of fact he spent about six months in active fighting, being a member of the 203rd Squadron which was commanded by the famous Colonel Raymond Collishaw. Lieutenant Carter has official credit for bringing down five German aeroplanes.

In a recent issue of the University Monthly there appeared a personal letter which Lieutenant Carter had written to his sister. This interesting letter describes how his machine was shot from the ground, while he was flying low, and fighting the German troops. He was forced to land behind the lines of the enemy. He succeeded in returning safely, but, in order to do so, he had to pass through the barrage of our own troops.

REVEREND FRANK BAIRD.

The Reverend F. Baird, M.A., is a native of New Brunswick, having been born at Chipman in 1870. He graduated at the University of New Brunswick in 1895, and then proceeded to the degree of M. A. at the University of Dalhousie, Halifax, N. S. He was a student of theology at the Halifax Presbyterian College and also at Edinburgh University. For some years he has been the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Woodstock, N. B., where he is highly esteemed by all who know him. Mr. Baird is an author of considerable repute. The well known novel, "Roger Davis, Loyalist," and also numerous short stories, have emanated from his versatile pen.

ADAM CAMERON.

Professor Adam Cameron, M.A., B.Sc., the genial and popular Professor of Chemistry at the University of New Brunswick is a native of the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires."

and received his education at the Universities of Edinburgh and Saint Andrews, where he graduated with the degrees of M.A.

and B.Sc. His university career has been conspicuous by his distinguished scholarship and unqualified success. At St. Andrews he won the Carnegie Research Scholarship and was subsequently appointed Demonstrator in the Chemical Laboratory of the same University. Thence he proceeded to Edinburgh University as Assistant Professor in the Department of Chemistry. From Edinburgh he was appointed to his present position at Fredericton, where he has rendered valuable service to the cause of education for several years. Professor Cameron served in the St. Andrews University Battery (Garrison Artillery) for five years, during the last two of which he was Company Sergeant-Major. During the present war he has been Officer Commanding of the University of New Brunswick Officers' Training Corps. The value of the excellent service he has rendered in this capacity is testified by the military enthusiasm of those University of New Brunswick students who have been trained under his able direction, and by their rapid progress while fighting the Empire's cause at the battle front. Professor Cameron is an enthusiastic advocate of the national Scottish game of golf. He is very popular upon the links and is an expert wielder of the niblick and the brassey.

GEORGE R. PARKIN.

Dr. G. R. Parkin, M.A., LL. D., D. C. L., C. M. G., of the '67 class, is one of the most brilliant graduates of the University of New Brunswick. He is especially well known to the people of Fredericton, having been Principal of the Fredericton Collegiate School for eighteen years. He was later Principal of the Upper Canada College, Toronto, and has been a Rhodes Scholarship Commissioner since 1902. As a writer he has achieved international renown. He is the author of "Round the Empire," "Essays on Imperial Federation," "The Great Dominion," "Life of Edward Thring," etc. The great services rendered by Dr. Parkin to the British Empire won for him the well-merited decoration of C. M. G., in 1898, and later, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. C. L.

WILBERT LORNE MacDONALD.

Dr. W. L. MacDonald, M. A., Ph. D., is the Professor of English at this University. He has had a long experience in military matters, and rendered excellent service as Commanding Officer of the University of New Brunswick Officers' Training Corps. Dr. MacDonald joined the 78th Canadian Infantry Battalion (Winnipeg Grenadiers) in the early part of the war with the rank of Lieutenant. He has seen considerable active service at the front, and is now a Professor of the Khaki University of Canada, at Ripon, Yorkshire.

BRYDONE de BLOIS MILLIDGE.

Lieutenant Brydone de B. Millidge, M. C., whose instructive and interesting article on "Artillery in Warfare" is published in this magazine, is a young hero of whom this University in particular and the Province of New Brunswick in general may well be proud. Born at Saint John, on July 19, 1894, he received his early education at the High School of that city. He then proceeded to the University of New Brunswick to take the course in Forestry. But when the clarion of war sounded, Lieutenant Millidge, like so many other University of New Brunswick students, knew that duty was calling him in another direction, and, exchanging the academic gown for the khaki uniform of a soldier, he joined the 14th Brigade, C. F. A,. with the rank of Lieutenant. On his arrival in England he was transferred to the Reserve Brigade, and later to the 1st Battery, with which unit he took part in several engagements at the battle front. It was at Passchendaele that Lieutenant Millidge so brilliantly distinguished himself that his fearless gallantry and heroic devotion to duty were officially recognized by the award of the Military Cross. The dauntless conduct that earned for our young hero this coveted distinction is best described by quoting verbatim from the official records as published in the London Gazette:

"Lieutenant B. de B. Millidge, F. A. (winner of Military Cross).— This officer went forward through a heavy hostile barrage during an attack to take over the duties of a forward observation officer who had been wounded. He established communication in spite of great difficulties, and sent in valuable information. When his signal station was blown in by a direct hit, he organized a rescue party with great coolness, cleared the wounded, and reorganized the station. He showed splendid determination and judgment."

Lieutenant Millidge has returned from the battle front and has now resumed his studies in the course of Forestry at the University.

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM PUGSLEY.

His Honor, the Honorable Wm. Pugsley, K. C., M. A., D. C. L., LL. D., P. C., took his B. A. degree at the University of New Brunswick in 1868. After graduating in the Faculty of Arts, he studied law, took the degree of B. C. L., and later passed the required tests (in course) for the degree of D. C. L. By profession a lawyer, he achieved a high reputation in the legal profession. As an active politician for many years he has rendered valuable services not only to New Brunswick but also to the whole Dominion. He has successively occupied the responsible positions of Speaker of Assembly, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Premier of New Brunswick, Minister of Public Works. He is now the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

In 1918, the University of New Brunswick recognized the great services of so distinguished a graduate by conferring upon him the honorary degree of LL. D.

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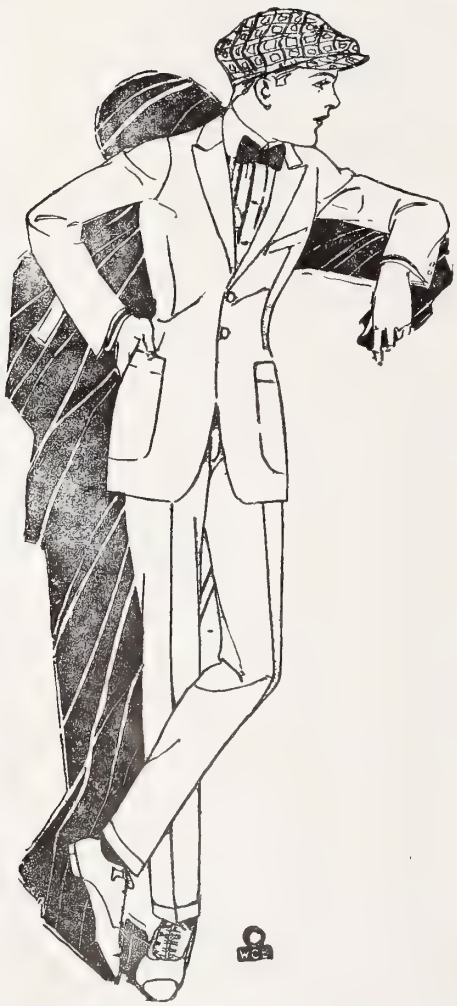

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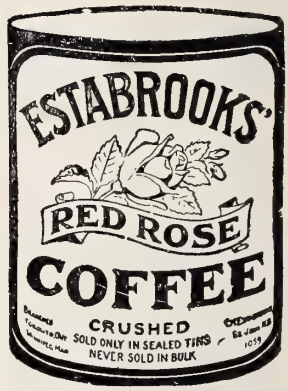

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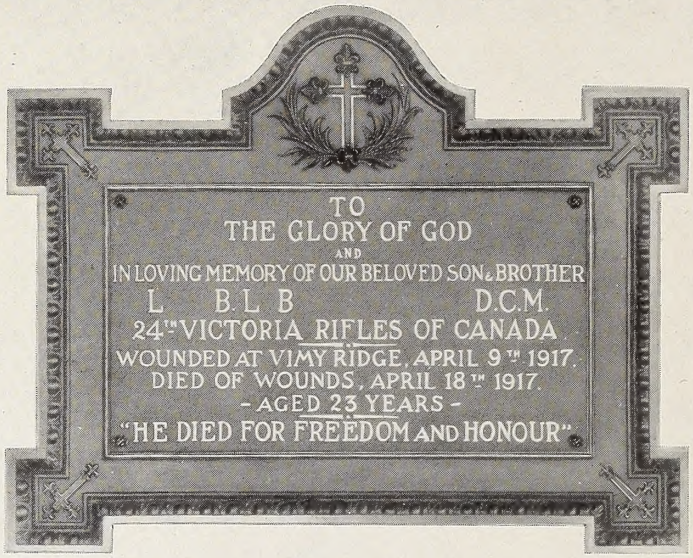
TO
THE GLORY OF GOD
AND
IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED SON & BROTHER
L B.L B D.C.M.
24th VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA
WOUNDED AT VIMY RIDGE, APRIL 9th 1917.
DIED OF WOUNDS, APRIL 18th 1917.
- AGED 23 YEARS -
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